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52
PAGES

RED
SEAL

COMICS

52 PAGE MAGAZINE 52

No. 21

RED SEAL COMICS

THRILLING CRIME CASES



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

MY! BUT, IT'S EXPENSIVE TO HAVE BUTTON HOLES MADE. \$2.00 PLEASE



WHAT YOU NEED IS A BUTTON-HOLE MAKER LIKE THIS... IT COSTS ONLY 1.00 AND FITS ON YOUR SEWING MACHINE - AND IT'S SO SIMPLE TO OPERATE!



THIS IS MARVELOUS! FROM NOW ON I'LL MAKE ALL MY OWN BUTTON-HOLES



JUST LOOK AT ALL THESE BUTTON-HOLES I MADE! AND IT WAS REALLY FUN.

I KNEW YOU'D LOVE IT! AND YOU CAN DARN HOSE AND SEW ON BUTTONS & ZIPPERS WITH IT.



SAVE MONEY-SAVE TIME

New Easy Way

MAKES BUTTON HOLES

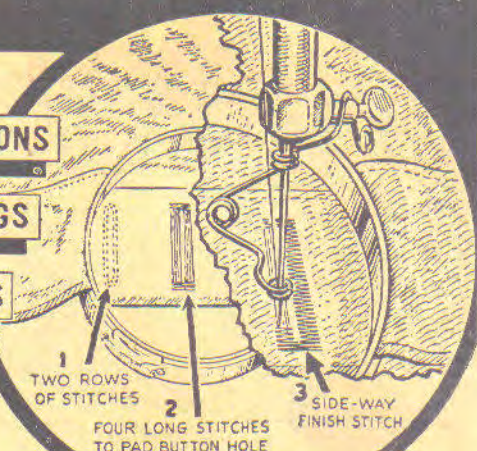
ON YOUR OWN SEWING MACHINE

SEW ON BUTTONS

DARN STOCKINGS

ATTACH ZIPPERS

MEND TEARS



NEW! IMPROVED! 2 for 1 offer \$1.00
NOTHING LIKE IT! Now only

Once dreaded by every woman, now sensational new invention makes button-hole making as easy as basting a hem. Twice as neat results in half the time too! Fits any sewing machine... attaches in a moment. In our wonderful offer you get not one... but TWO of these valuable attachments. Simple to use. Complete with hoop for darning stockings, button-hole guide and easy directions in pictures. Test at our risk.

EXTRA...NEEDLE THREADER

Prompt action brings you marvelous time-saving, eye-saving needle threader. Write today!

SEND NO MONEY • ORDER NOW

Just send your name. When you receive your new improved button-hole attachment and gift needle threader, deposit only \$1.00 plus C.O.D. charges thru postman on guarantee if you aren't delighted, you may return for one dollar refund. Or send cash with order, we pay postage Special... 3 sets for \$2.50 NOW. Mail your name and address to:

LONDON SPECIALTIES
Dept. 175 8505 S. Phillips Ave., Chicago 17, Ill.

RUSH THIS COUPON TODAY

LONDON SPECIALTIES, Dept. 175
8505 S. Phillips, Chicago, Illinois

Send my Button Hole Maker and Extra Needle Threader at once! On arrival I'll pay postman \$1.00 plus postage, or 3 for just \$2.50 plus postage* (Cash orders sent prepaid.) If not delighted, I may return in 10 days for money back.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

RED SEAL COMICS, No. 21, October, 1947. Published bi-monthly by Superior Publishers Limited, 2382 Dundas Street West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. Entered as second-class matter April 11, 1947, at the Post Office at Buffalo, New York, under the act of March 3, 1879. (Sec. 523, P.L. and R.) Authorized as second-class matter by the Post Office Department at Ottawa, Canada. Yearly subscription 60 cents including postage. For advertising rates address Harley L. Ward, Inc., 360 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 1, Illinois, U.S.A. Entire contents copyrighted 1947 by Superior Publishers Limited. PRINTED IN CANADA.



Black DWARF



What grim riddle concealed the motive behind the murders of penniless refugees? If the Black Dwarf found out, he'd have to match the killer's brand of vengeance with red-hot lead!

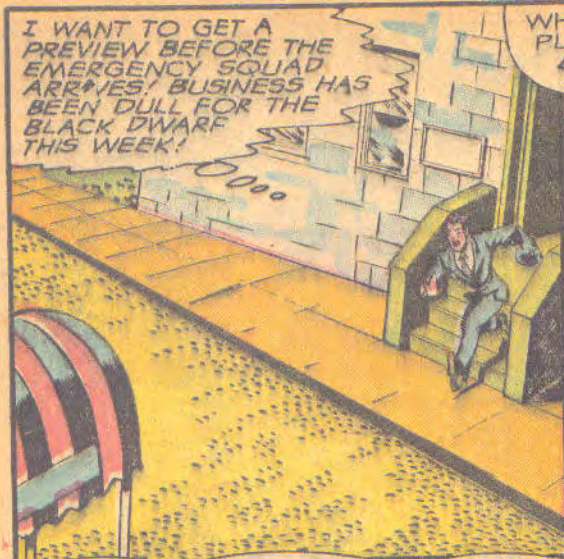
RUN INSIDE AND PHONE THE EMERGENCY SQUAD, BEN! THAT BLAST TORE THRU THE BUILDING WALL!

SEVENTH FLOOR. WATCH OUT! STIFF'S FALLIN'!

EXPLOSION ACROSS THE STREET, COLONEL! SLEW OUT THE WALL OF A ROOM!

THE POLICE SHOULDN'T ALLOW PEOPLE TO KEEP DANGEROUS WAR SOUVENIRS! BET THAT'S IT, SHORTY!





WHO'S BEEN PLAYING WITH DYNAMITE OVER HERE?

OH, HIYA--MR. WILSON! A REFUGEE GENT ON THE SEVENTH. WRECKED THE JOINT? WANNA LOOK?



YOU BEEN LEADIN' A PRETTY QUIET LIFE SINCE YOU LEFT COLLEGE. TOO MUCH ATHLETICS STRAIN YOUR TICKER?

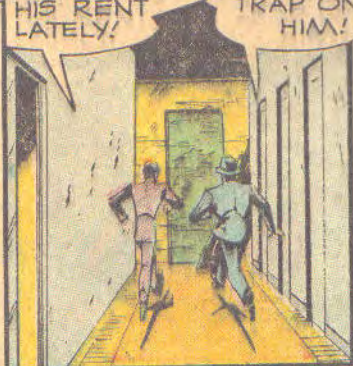
NO, I TAKE A WORKOUT AT THE GYM EVERY DAY. KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS REFUGEE?

FELLA'S NAME WAS KOENIG. HAD SOME MONEY WHEN HE CAME THREE YEARS AGO, BUT HE'S BEEN BEHIND IN HIS RENT LATELY!

SHARP ODOR OF HIGH EXPLOSIVE. MAYBE SOME-BODY PLANTED A BOOBY TRAP ON HIM!

MUST'VE CRUSHED EVERY BONE IN HIS BODY!

AND I DON'T THINK HE COLLECTED WAR SOUVENIRS. BUT MAYBE A FRIEND BROUGHT THIS! DID KOENIG HAVE VISITORS?



WH--WHAT DID YOU SAY? VISITORS? NO. NOBODY EVER CAME TO SEE HIM!

YOU WAIT FOR THE COPS! I CAN RUN MYSELF DOWN!



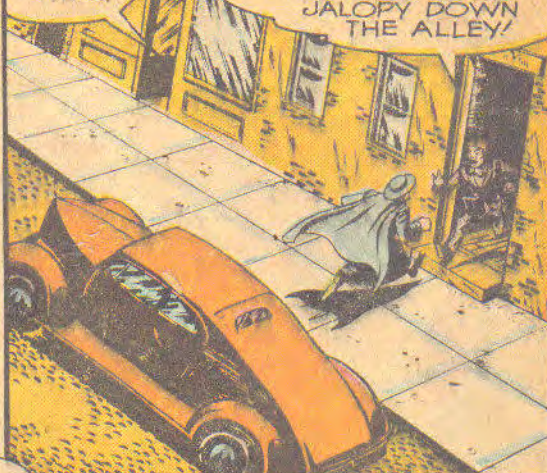
THIS ISN'T THE FIRST VIOLENT DEATH THAT HASN'T AROUSED POLICE SUSPICION. I'M PUTTING MY OWN SQUAD TO WORK ON IT!

HELLO--ARSENIC? CHECK
YOUR FILE FOR THE
NUMBER OF REFUGEES
WHO MET VIOLENT
DEATHS RECENTLY!
I'M ON MY
WAY OVER!



COAST
CLEAR,
NITRO?

YEAH, BOSS. ARSENIC
SAID YOU WUZ COMIN'
I'LL PARK YOUR
JALOPY DOWN
THE ALLEY!



I GLANCED
OVER THESE
CLIPPINGS
BOSS, BUT
THE REFUGEE
DEATHS DON'T
TIE IN WITH
EACH
OTHER!

WE'LL
FIND A
TIE-UP,
ARSENIC!

THE VICTIMS
SHARED THE
SAME COMPLAINT.
THEY ALL WERE
BEHIND IN
THEIR RENT!

YOU
THINK
THEY
WERE
BEING

BLACKMAILED,
AND WHEN THEY
COULDN'T PAY,
THEY WERE
RUBBED OUT?



EXACTLY! I'M
GOING TO CALL
ON THIS GENT
WHO ADVERTISES
HIMSELF AS A
CONSULTANT ON
NATURALIZATION AND
IMMIGRATION!



IF YOU SPOT ANYBODY
WATCHING MY PLACE,
JINGO, RING MY
BELL FOUR
TIMES!

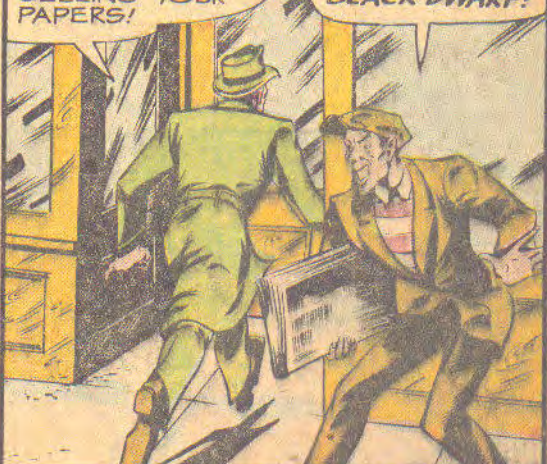
I'LL KEEP
MY EYES
OPEN, MR.
BRALNER!

Naturalization
Counsellor
NOTARY
PUBLIC
INCOME
TAX
RETURNS



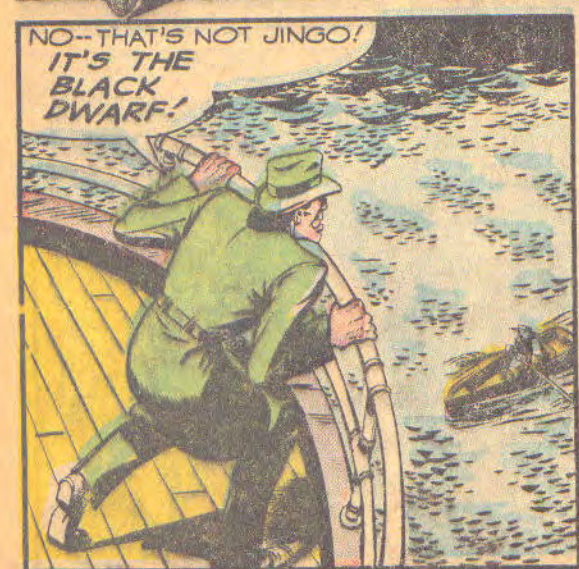
YOU GET MORE
MONEY FROM ME
THAN FROM
SELLING YOUR
PAPERS!

Y-YEAH, BUT
LOOK WHO'S
COMIN'! THE
BLACK DWARF!











Sports

Cleveland "Indians"



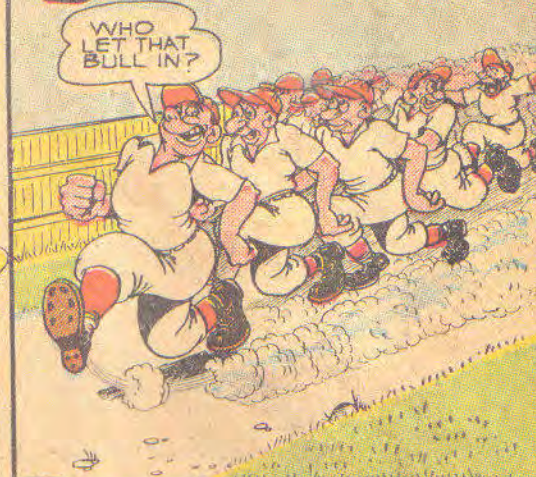
Were formerly known as Spiders, Wanderers, Exiles, Blue Naps and Molly Mc Quires-- "Indians" was adopted in 1905.

Detroit "Tigers"



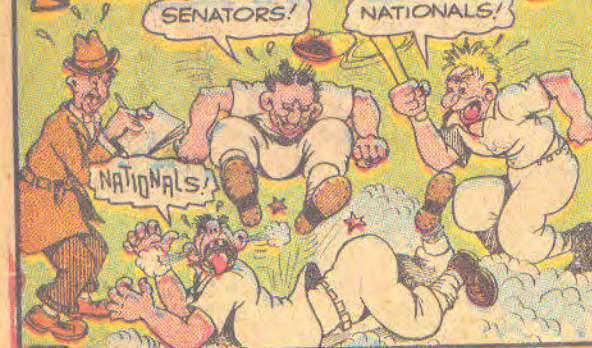
Name came in 1899 when George Stallings, manager first put striped stockings on his players.

Boston "Red Sox"



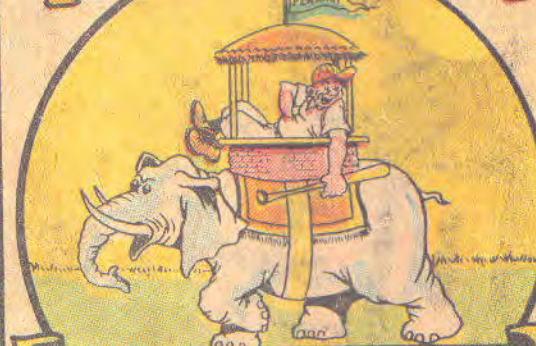
Took the name when they started to wear red stockings in 1907. The previous year, the Boston Nationals discarded them because they were afraid of leg infections.

Washington "Nationals"



The fans voted to have their club called the "Nationals" instead of the "Senators"

Philadelphia "White Elephants"



Contracted name in 1902 when Mack and Shibe bought the club. Giant manager said that Mack had a white elephant on his hands

Chicago "White Sox"



In 1902 when Chas. Comiskey brought his club to Chicago, sports writers called it the White Stockings. Pop Rinson's Chicago old favorite National League Club had that name.

St. Louis "Browns"

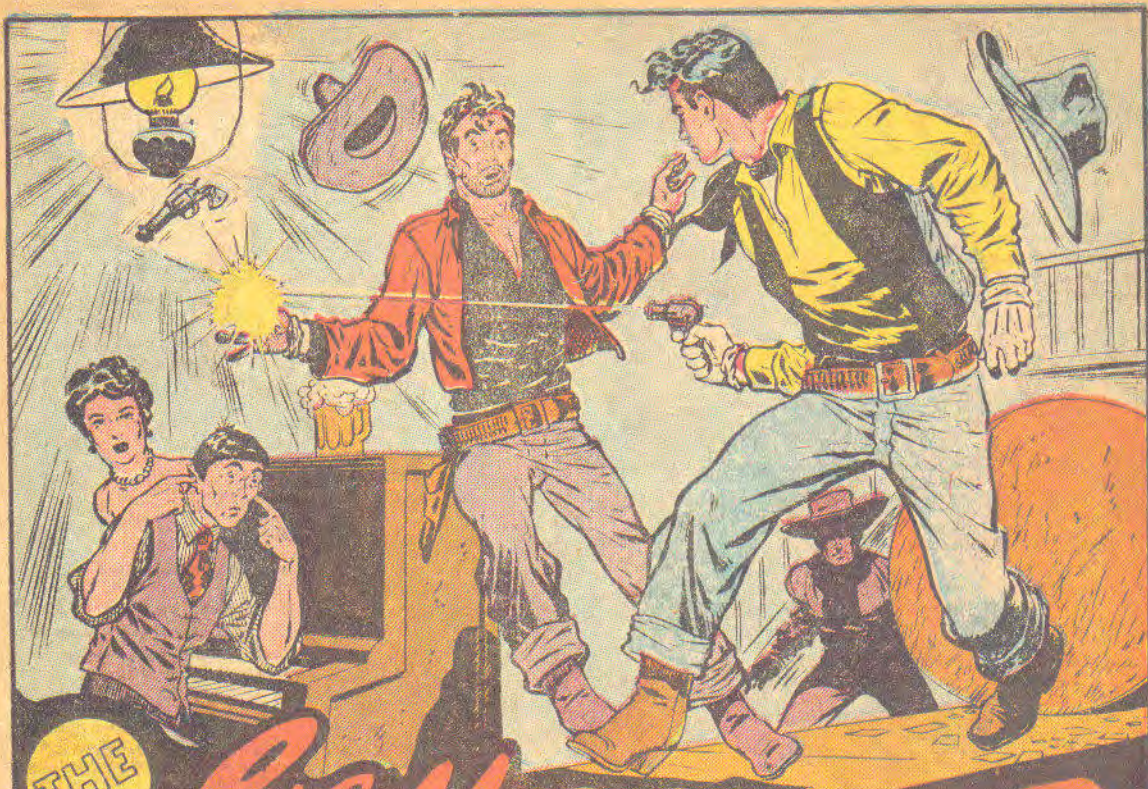


Got name in 1902 from Comiskey's famous American Association team who were 4 times St. Louis winners in 1885-86-87-88.

New York "Yankees"



Originally known as the "Highlanders" but that name was too long, so a writer made the change to "Yanks."



Geo. Fuschia

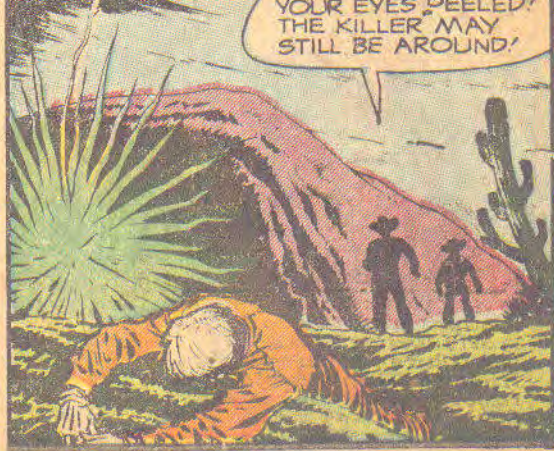
THE *Gay* DESPERADO

Hunted like a vicious animal for crimes of which he is innocent, Jim Collins roams the badlands in search of justice. By his daring feats, he builds a new legend around himself for he is no longer known as Jim Collins but as the *Gay Desperado*—foe of the lawless and rival of the lawmen who pursue him!

WHAT'S THE RUSH, JIM? NEVADA BILL'S NOTE SAID TO MEET HIM **AFTER** SUNDOWN!

YES-- BUT I'M AFRAID WE'RE TOO LATE, PATSY! LOOK DOWN YONDER!

OUR OLD FRIEND BILL WALKED INTO AN AMBUSH! KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED! THE KILLER MAY STILL BE AROUND!





BLOOD IS DRY. HE MUST'VE BEEN SHOT AT LEAST A HALF HOUR AGO-**AND THROUGH THE BACK!**



NOTHING STIRRING IN THE SAGE, JIM! ANY CLUE TO THE KILLER?

HE WASN'T KILLED FOR HIS MONEY. HAD A FEW DOLLARS AND A BRASS KEY!



LET'S KEEP OFF THE TRAIL, PATSY, AND SLIP INTO TOWN AS SOON AS IT'S DARK. MAYBE HOAGY KIN TELL US WHO WUZ GUNNIN' FER BILL!



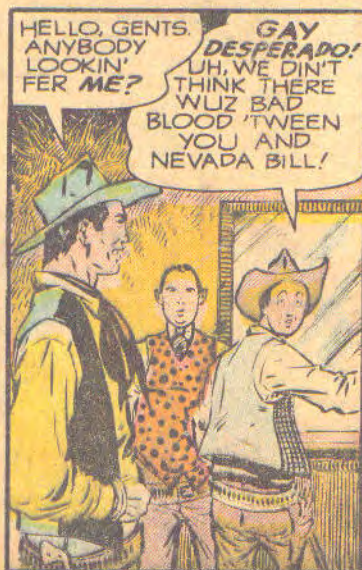
I'M GONNA JOIN THE BOYS IN THE REAR, HOAGY! IF GAY DESPERADO SNEAKS IN, START PLAYIN' "DIXIE."

OKAY, SHERIFF. BUT I DON'T THINK DESPERADO BUSHWACKED NEVADA BILL. THEY WUZ FRIENDS.



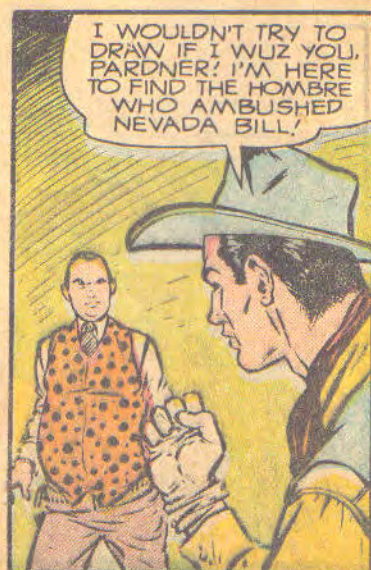
KEEP YOUR EAR TO THE CRACKS IN THE BACK WALL, PATSY!

I'LL WHISTLE TWICE IF ANYTHING HAPPENS. KEEP YOUR HAND NEAR YOUR GUN!



HELLO, GENTS. ANYBODY LOOKIN' FER ME?

GAY DESPERADO! UH, WE DIN'T THINK THERE WUZ BAD BLOOD 'TWEEN YOU AND NEVADA BILL!



I WOULDN'T TRY TO DRAW IF I WUZ YOU, PARDNER! I'M HERE TO FIND THE HOMBRE WHO AMBUSHED NEVADA BILL!

NOPE, I DON'T BELIEVE GAY DESPERADO 'UD SHOOT A MAN IN THE BACK!

SHERIFF FITCH SEZ HE'S GOT WITNESSES. **WATCH OUT!** THERE'S GONNA BE SHOOTIN'!



PSST, DESPERADO! SHERIFF'S IN THE BACK. YORE WANTED FER KILLIN' NEVADA BILL. SHERIFF TOLD ME TO SIGNAL WHEN YOU COME IN!

GO AHEAD, HOAGY! I'M READY FER ANYTHIN'!



WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, HONEY? I'VE BEEN HEART-BROKEN SINCE YOU WENT AWAY!

LAY OFF! GET AWAY FROM ME, RATTLE-SNAKE ROSE!



I DON'T MAKE A HABIT OF PUSHIN' WOMEN AROUND, BUT YORE AN EXCEPTION, RATTLESNAKE!

GET HIM, ACE! HE CAN'T DO THAT TO ME!



YORE GAL DIDN'T FOOL ME, ACE D'ARCY!

SNEAKIN' MURDERER! YOU DON'T SHOVE MY GAL AROUND AND GIT AWAY WITH IT!



SHERIFF FITCH! DURN THIS DESPERADO-- HE DRAWS LIKE LIGHTNING!

THIS HERE CHAIR WILL COOL HIS THUNDER, ACE!

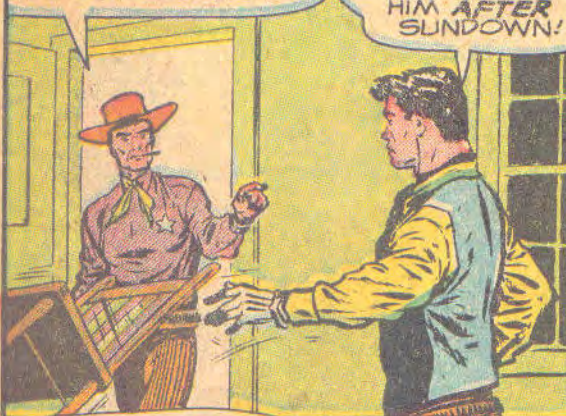


COME ON, SHERIFF! I AIM TO STRAIGHTEN MATTERS OUT! WHO SEZ I BUSHWACKED NEVADA BILL?



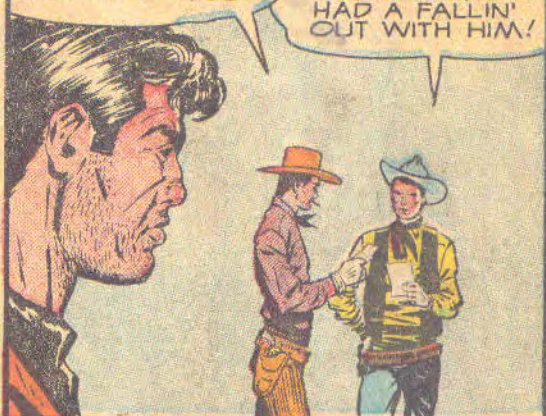
BILL TOLD ME HE GOT A NOTE FROM YOU, TELLIN' HIM TO MEET YOU DOWN THE TRAIL AN HOUR BEFORE SUNDOWN!

THAT'S MIGHTY QUEER, SHERIFF, 'CAUSE I GOT A NOTE FROM BILL SAYING TO MEET HIM AFTER SUNDOWN!



I'LL BE DOGGONED! SAME HANDWRITING ON THE NOTE YOU GOT FROM BILL AS THE ONE BILL GOT FROM YOU!

AN' THE COYOTE WHO SENT 'EM SCHEMED TO DRY-GULCH BILL SO T'WOULD APPEAR LIKE I HAD A FALLIN' OUT WITH HIM!



HEY! COME BACK HERE, FELLA! THE LAW WANTS YOU FER RUSTLIN', ARMED ROBBERY AND A HALF DOZEN KILLIN'S! STOP HIM!



JIM'S BUSTIN' OUT THE FRONT. HE NEEDS MY HELP!



NOT SO FAST THERE, YUH LI'L GOPHER! WE KIN USE YUH FER LIVE BAIT TO GIT THE GAY DESPERADO WHERE WE WANTS HIM!



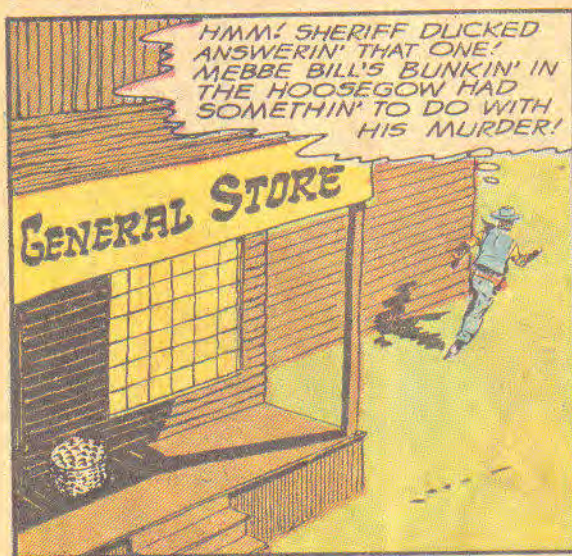
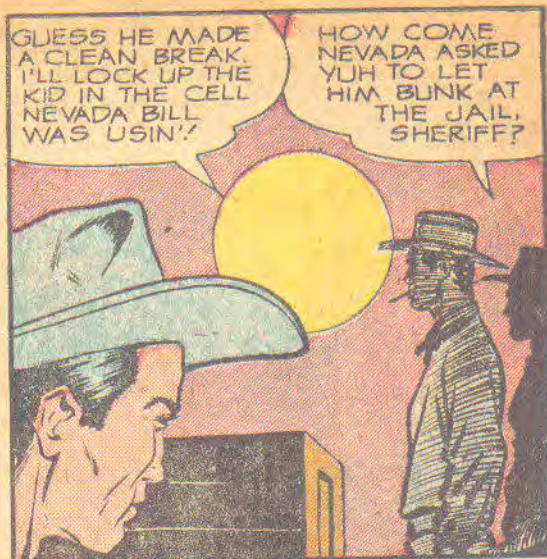
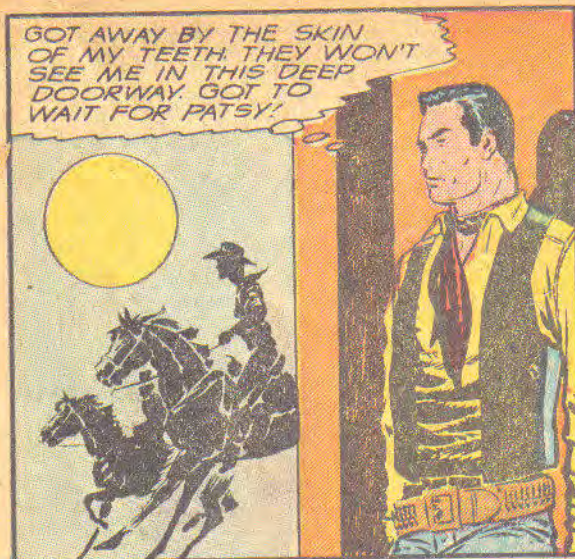
HEY, BOYS! I CAUGHT THE GAY DESPERADO'S YOUNG PARDNER. CALL ACE FROM OUT FRONT!

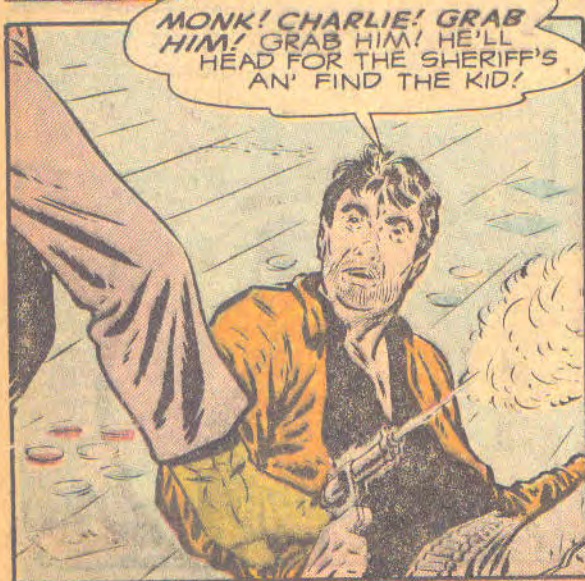
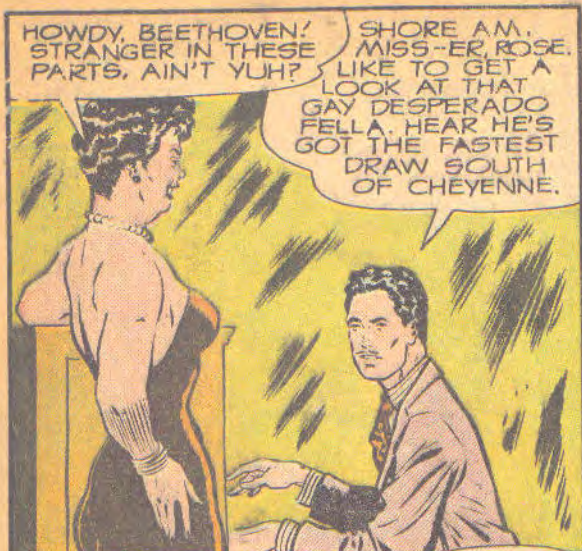


LEAVE HIM GO, ACE! WE GOT HIS KID IN THE BACK ROOM!

DURN HIM! HE'S HARDER TO HIT THAN A SHADOW!







THEY'VE GOT TO SHOOT
BETTER'N THAT TO BEAT
ME TO THE
SHERIFF'S!

Saloon.

WAKE UP, SHERIFF
FITCH! PATSY'S GONNA
GIVE UP HIS BUNK FER
THE GENT WHO DRY-
GULCHED OLE BILL!

HIYA, PARDNER!
HOW COME WE
DIDN'T FIGGER
THIS KEY WE
FOUND ON BILL
MEANT HE
WUZ BUNKIN'
HERE FER
SAFETY?

WAAL, FIRST
PLACE
WE
DIDN'T
KNOW
'BOUT
HIS STRIKIN'
GOLD. I
FOUND MUCHO
DUST IN THE
FLOOR CRACKS.

SET TIGHT,
SHERIFF!
I'LL GET
HIM!

GET WHO,
ACE? DON'T
'SPECT TUH
FIND GAY
DESPERADO
HERE, DO YUH?

DROP YORE SHOOTIN'
IRON, ACE! I HEARD
YORE BIG MOUTH
SO I DUCKED
OUT THE BACK!

MAKE ACE WRITE HIS ALIBIS,
SHERIFF, AND YOU'LL KNOW
HOW NEVADA BILL AND ME
WUZ TRICKED! SEE
YUH AT ROUND-UP
TIME!

WE'D BETTER HIT
THE TRAIL AFORE
THE SHERIFF
REMEMBERS
THERE'S OTHER
CHARGES
AGIN YUH!

I AIN'T A-GOIN'
NOWHERE, PATSY.
'TIL I GIVE
THESE HERE
CITY DUDS BACK
TO HOAGY. THEY
DURN NEAR
CRAMPED
MY STYLE!

FOUL FRAME-UP

A Killer Should Use His Head, Not Lose It.

As Ed Hall worked the levers of the power shovel, he heard Dan Jackson shouting to Old Man Graham, president of the Graham Excavating Corporation.

Dan Jackson lifted his voice once more. "Well, I'm hiring him back, anyway."

"Go easy," the big boss warned. "Lloyd is sore at the world. At you in particular because you didn't have to go. You were making big money while he sweat blood in a fox hole."

"I might feel the way he does," Dan yelled. "He'll come around after a while."

Hall pulled the whistle rope, warning the men in the pit to get out of the way of the big shovel. "Gettin' fat," he muttered to himself. "Who's gettin' fat here? But it's a job and I suppose that means I'm going to get the gate."

The next day, Dan Jackson told Hall: "Lloyd Stephens will be here this afternoon for a while. Do all you can to help him break in again. You know Lloyd, don't you?"

"Yeah," said Hall. "I knew him just before he went into the army. He broke me in."

The afternoon wore on and Hall kept his eye on the road, looking for Jackson's car. Finally he saw it coming toward the excavation. Hall turned off his engine and jumped to the ground.

Dan Jackson got out of the car and came over. "Act like a good guy, Hall," he said. "Lloyd's been through a lot."

"This means I'm through?" Hall asked pointedly.

Jackson sneered. "You and I are just lucky, Hall. I hadn't thought of firing you, but I'm not so sure that I want you around."

Hall shouted. "You call working on this job a piece of luck?"

"Shut up," Jackson snapped. "Now come over and say howdy to Lloyd or get out!" Dan Jackson had steered Hall away from Lloyd Stephens' direction. They were around the corner of the tool house.

Hall eyed Jackson a full moment. His face flushed up to his hair line. He shot out a right and caught the superintendent in the jaw.

"Yeah," he growled. "I'll get out and I'll take you along when I go."

Jackson came in fast, but Hall had lifted a rock and bashed it on Jackson's head. Jackson sank to the ground and Hall raised the rock again and again. Jackson lay still. Hall looked furtively about him. No one was near. He glanced over the edge of the pit. No one was there.

He lifted Jackson's body into the air and hurled it over the edge of the bank. He stood glaring down, beginning to realize his folly. Furtively he peered around the edge of the tool house. Lloyd Stephens sat like a stone image in Jackson's car. Hall turned to run.

Hall barged in on Graham. "Mr. Graham!" he shouted. "Lloyd Stephens has murdered Dan Jackson!"

Graham rose from his chair. "I told Jackson that Lloyd was sour on him. How did it happen?"

"I was coming over to meet them," Hall said. "Lloyd and Jackson were standing by the edge of the pit. Suddenly Lloyd picked up a rock and bashed it down on Dan's skull!"

Graham stood uncertainly, watching Hall. He reached for the phone. "Police headquarters," he said to the operator.

Sergeant Darnell came into the office and said: "Let's go out to the scene."

"He walked back to his car," said Hall, "as if nothing had happened. When I came over here he was still sitting there."

As they approached Jackson's car Stephens was still there. "Look at him," gasped Hall. "You wouldn't think there was anything wrong!"

"Maybe he doesn't realize there is," Graham said.

"Hello, Lloyd," Darnell said. He opened the car door, threw back the blanket that was over Stephens' lap.

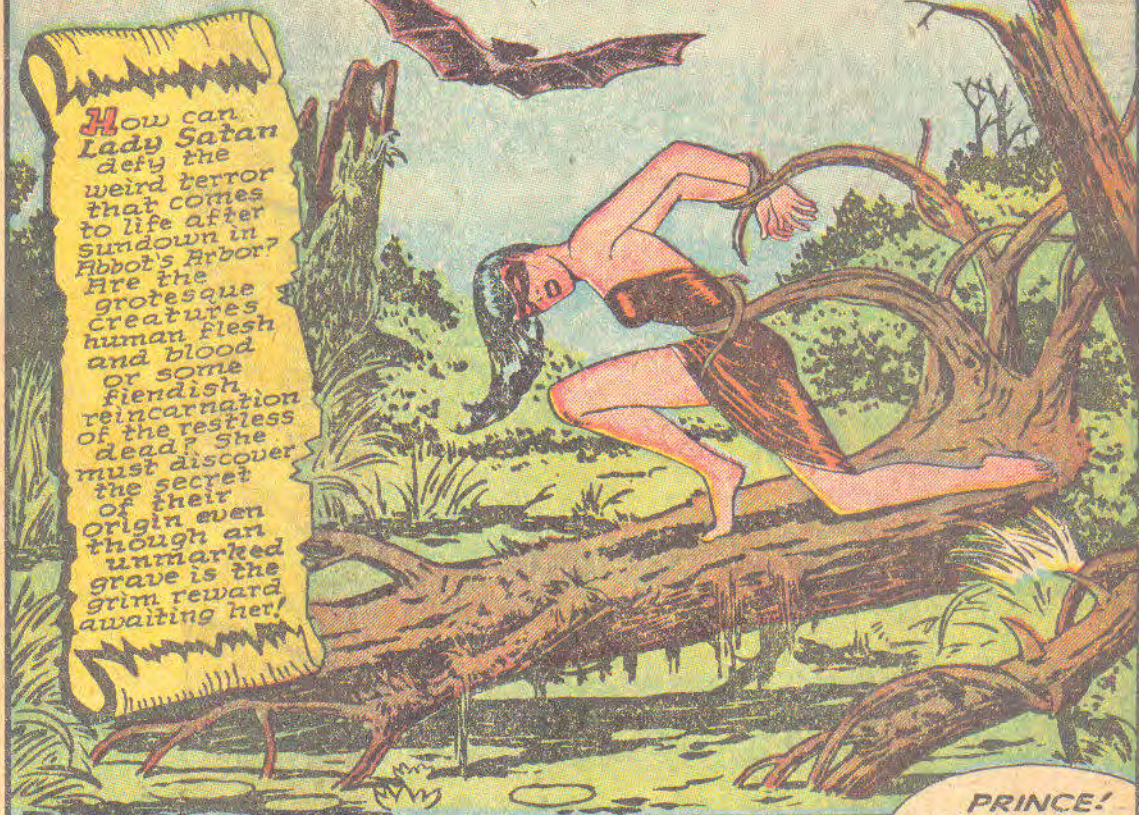
Hall screamed and began running across the lot. Sergeant Darnell drew his revolver, took steady aim and fired. The bullet struck Hall's leg, tripping him.

When the others approached he was sobbing.

Darnell looked down at him. "Too bad Dan Jackson didn't tell you that Lloyd Stephens lost a leg at Caen," he said. "It would have saved Jackson's life—and yours!"

LADY SATAN

How can Lady Satan defy the weird terror that comes to life after sundown in Abbot's Arbor? Are the grotesque creatures human flesh and blood or some fiendish reincarnation of the restless dead? She must discover the secret of their origin even though an unmarked grave is the grim reward awaiting her.



STOP BARKING AT THAT TREE, PRINCE! WE'LL BE LOST IF WE DON'T FIND THE PATH BEFORE DARK!



OH! WHO--WHO ARE YOU? PLEASE DON'T TOUCH ME!



PRINCE! MAKE HIM LET GO OF ME! HELP! BITE HIM!





BETTY! WHERE ARE YOU, BETTY? IT'S DAD AND MOM!

WE NEVER SHOULD HAVE LET HER GO ON THE PICNIC, JOHN.

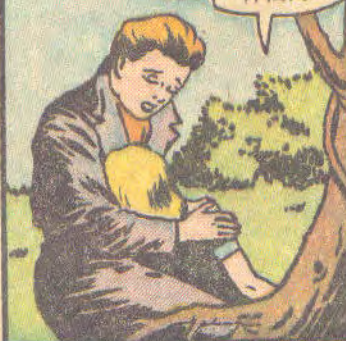


GOOD HEAVENS! SHE MUST HAVE FALLEN AND STRUCK HER HEAD!



BETTY! SPEAK TO ME! IT'S MOM!

MY NECK HURTS AWFUL! PRINCE TRIED TO STOP HIM. I CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED THEN!

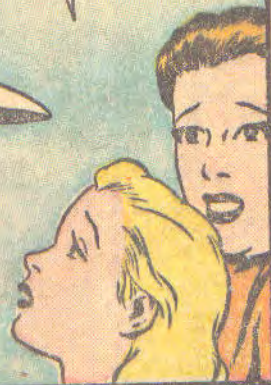


POOR LITTLE PRINCE! I'LL COME BACK AND BURY YOU TOMORROW!



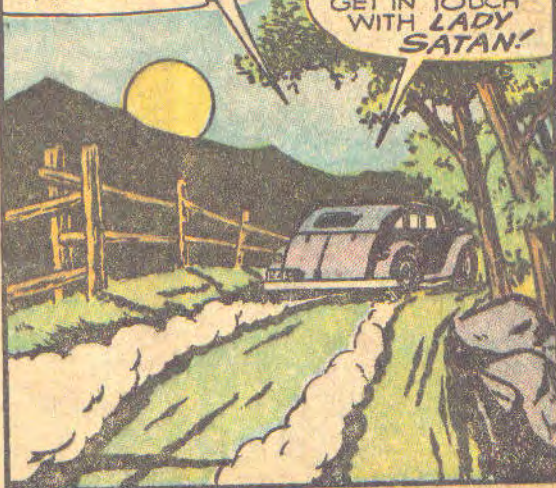
DID YOU SEE THE MAN'S FACE, BETTY?

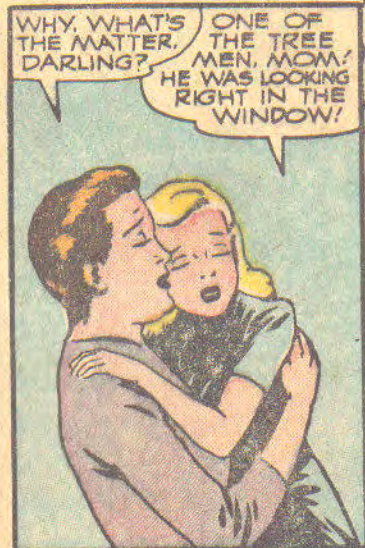
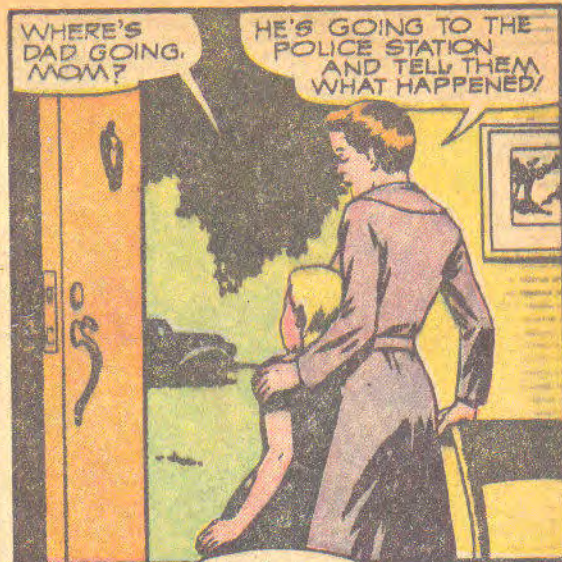
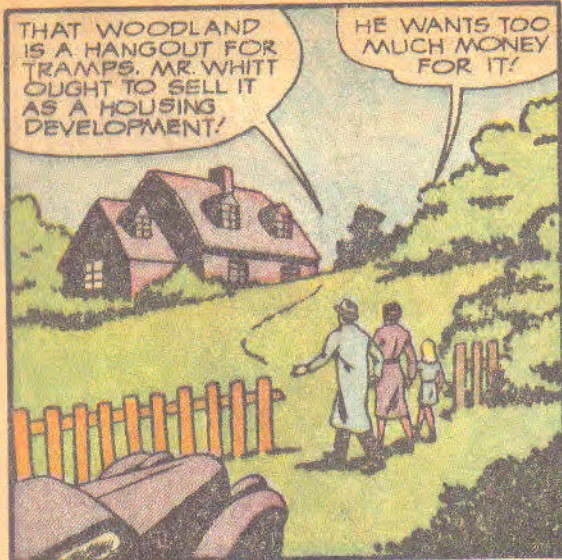
YES! HIS FACE WAS COVERED WITH BARK AND HIS ARMS WERE LIKE BIG ROOTS!



I'LL TELL THE POLICE EVERYTHING SHE SAID, JUDITH!

THEY'LL LAUGH AT YOU, JOHN! I'M GOING TO GET IN TOUCH WITH LADY SATAN!









BACK TO THE
HOUSE. ALL
OF YOU!

THE VOICE IS
ALMOST HUMAN,
BUT THE THING
DOESN'T SEEM
TO BE FLESH
AND BLOOD!



WHAT'S THE
TROUBLE
HERE--
SOMEBODY
GET HURT?

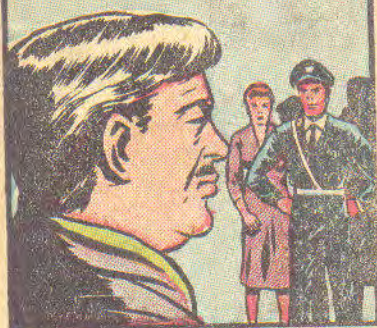
IT'S MR.
WHITT
FROM THE
HOUSE
DOWN
THE ROAD!

BETTY AND HER
CHUMS WERE
PICNICKING
IN YOUR WOODS.
SHE STRAYED
FROM THE
OTHERS AND
WAS ALMOST
STRANGLING TO
DEATH BY A
TRAMP!

I'VE
COMPLAINED
TO THE
POLICE
MANY
TIMES
MYSELF!

MY BROTHER
JACK SAYS
HERMAN THE
HERMIT IS
CRAZY. WHY
DON'T YOU
ARREST HIM?

WE'LL
QUESTION
HIM, BUT
HE HAS
SQUATTERS
RIGHTS IN
ABBOT'S
ARBOR. WE
CAN'T MAKE
HIM MOVE!



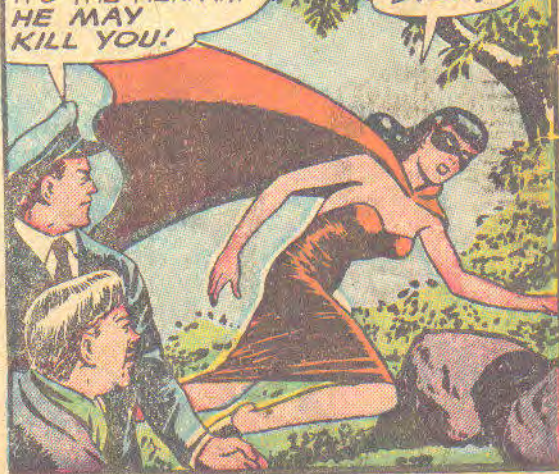
I SHOULD HAVE
GUESSED IT WAS
HERMAN THE
HERMIT! GO CHASE
A NIGHTMARE,
LADY SATAN!

DON'T COUNT
YOUR CULPRITS
BEFORE THEY'RE
CAUGHT,
COPPER!

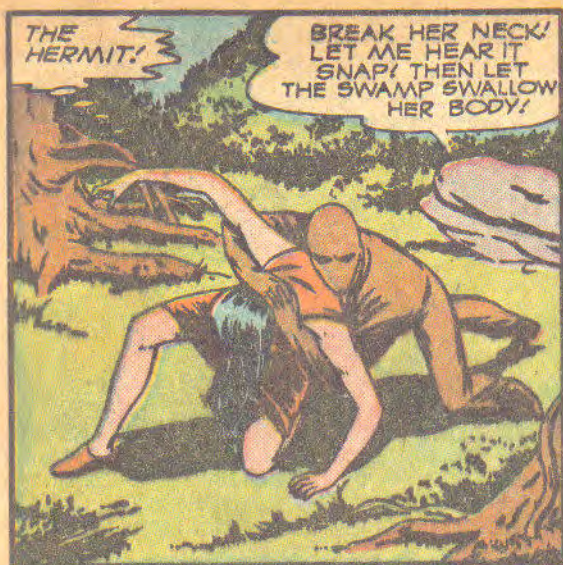


YOU MUSTN'T GO
TO THE WOODS.
LADY SATAN. IF
IT'S THE HERMIT,
HE MAY
KILL YOU!

MANY HAVE
TRIED AND
ALL HAVE
DIED!







THE HERMIT!

BREAK HER NECK!
LET ME HEAR IT
SNAP! THEN LET
THE SWAMP SWALLOW
HER BODY!



NO IMITATION
SQUIRREL NEST
IS GOING TO
BREAK MY NECK!
TWO CAN PLAY
THIS GAME!



YOU FOOL!
WHY DID
YOU LET
HER DO
THAT?

SHE'S A
WILDCAT,
BOSS.
WATCH OUT
FOR HER!



UNLESS YOU'VE
A CAST IRON SKULL,
YOU WON'T MAKE
ANY MORE TROUBLE!

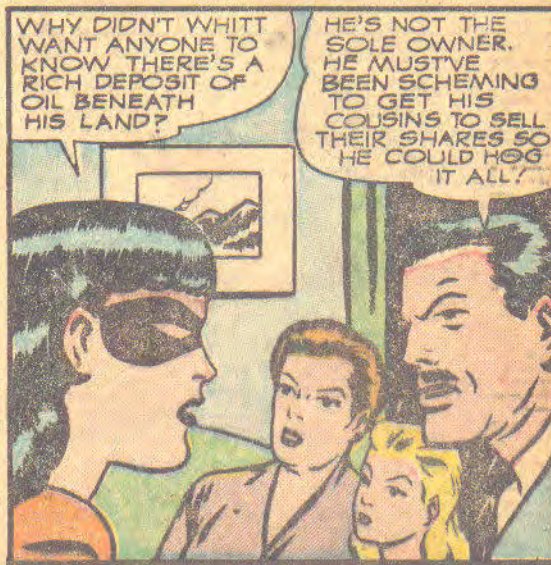


YOU CAN'T
ESCAPE, TREE
MAN! YOU'RE
TOO FAR OUT
ON A LIMB!



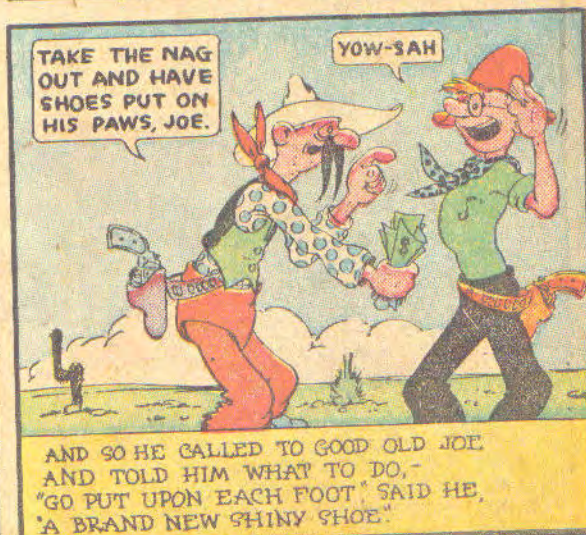
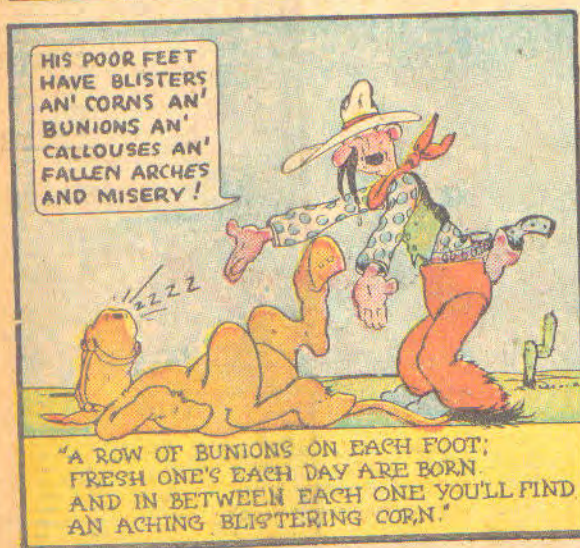
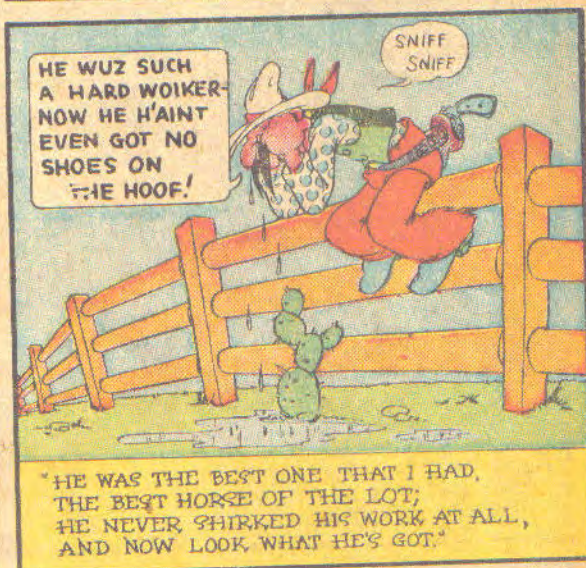
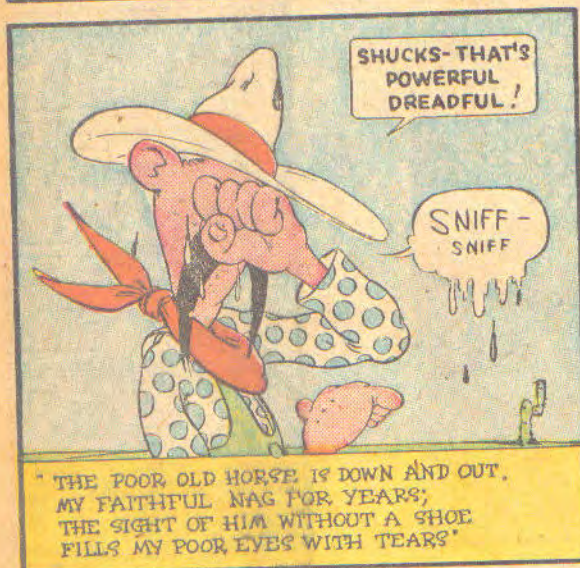
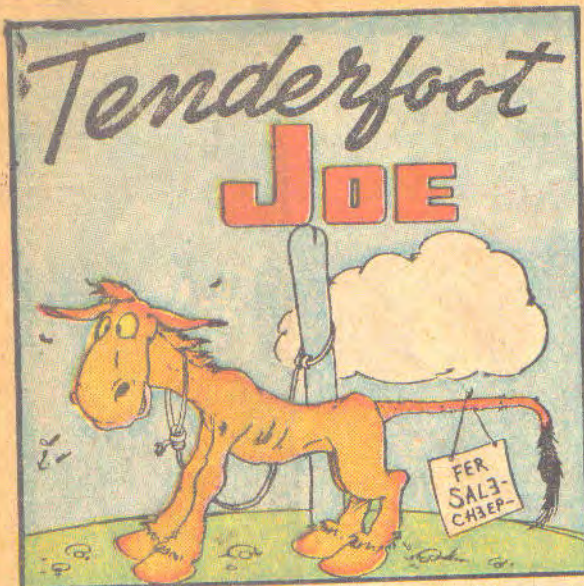
JEEPERS! IT'S MR.
WHITT! THIS GUY
I GRABBED IS
HIS BUTLER!

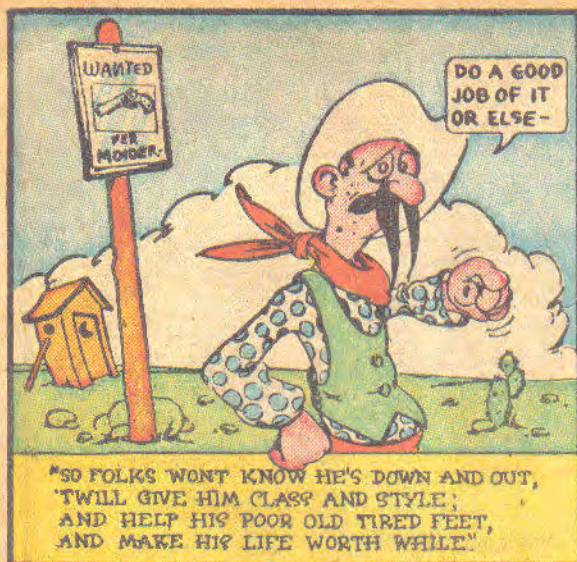
TAKE THEM IN
FOR THE MURDER
OF THE HERMIT.
I'M RUNNING BACK
TO THE BENSONS.



WHY DIDN'T WHITT
WANT ANYONE TO
KNOW THERE'S A
RICH DEPOSIT OF
OIL BENEATH
HIS LAND?

HE'S NOT THE
SOLE OWNER.
HE MUST'VE
BEEN SCHEMING
TO GET HIS
COUSINS TO SELL
THEIR SHARES SO
HE COULD HOG
IT ALL!

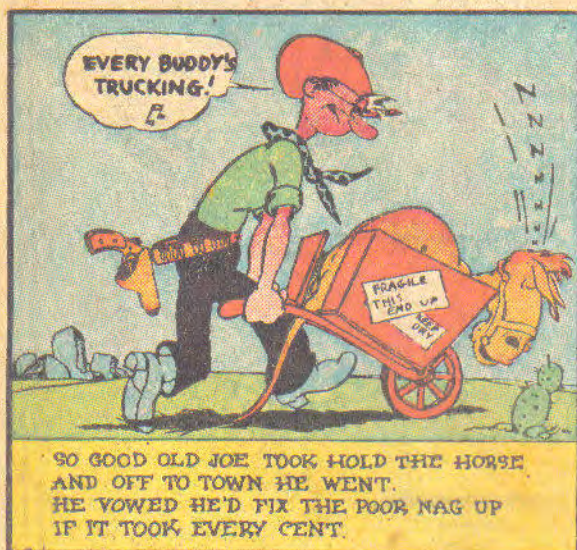




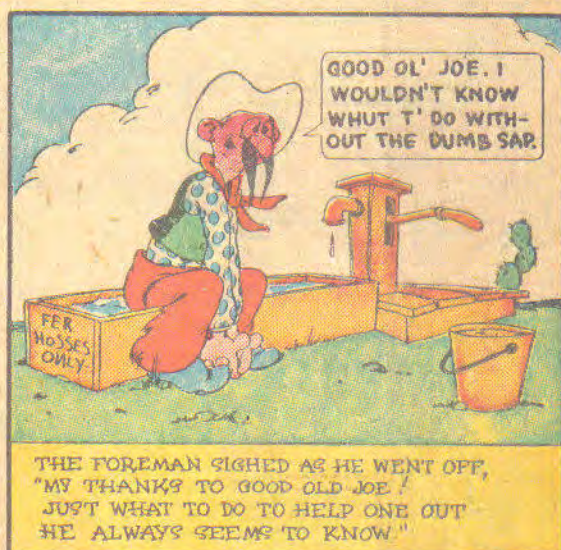
"SO FOLKS WONT KNOW HE'S DOWN AND OUT,
'TWILL GIVE HIM CLASS AND STYLE;
AND HELP HIS POOR OLD TIRED FEET,
AND MAKE HIS LIFE WORTH WHILE."



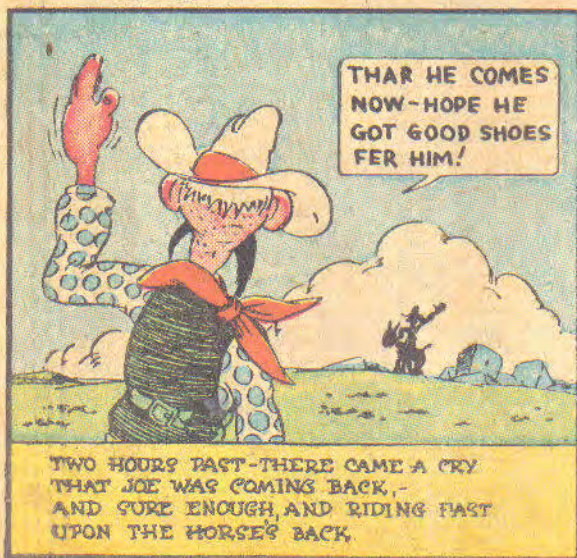
"YOU LEAVE THIS JOB TO ME", SAID JOE.
"SUPRISED YOU ALL WILL BE -
WHEN I GET THROUGH YOU'LL ALL FIND OUT,
A BRAND NEW HORSE HELL BE."



SO GOOD OLD JOE TOOK HOLD THE HORSE
AND OFF TO TOWN HE WENT.
HE VOWED HE'D FIX THE POOR NAG UP
IF IT TOOK EVERY CENT.



THE FOREMAN SIGHED AS HE WENT OFF,
"MY THANKS TO GOOD OLD JOE!
JUST WHAT TO DO TO HELP ONE OUT -
HE ALWAYS SEEMS TO KNOW."

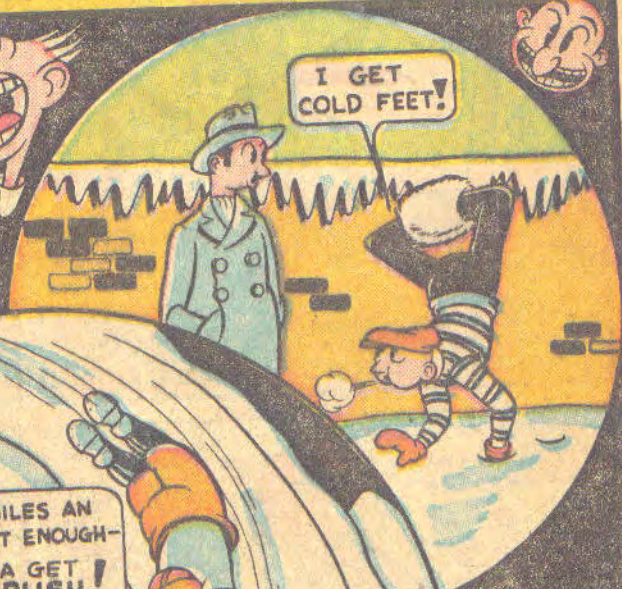


TWO HOURS PAST-THERE CAME A CRY
THAT JOE WAS COMING BACK,-
AND FURE ENOUGH AND RIDING FAST
UPON THE HORSE'S BACK.

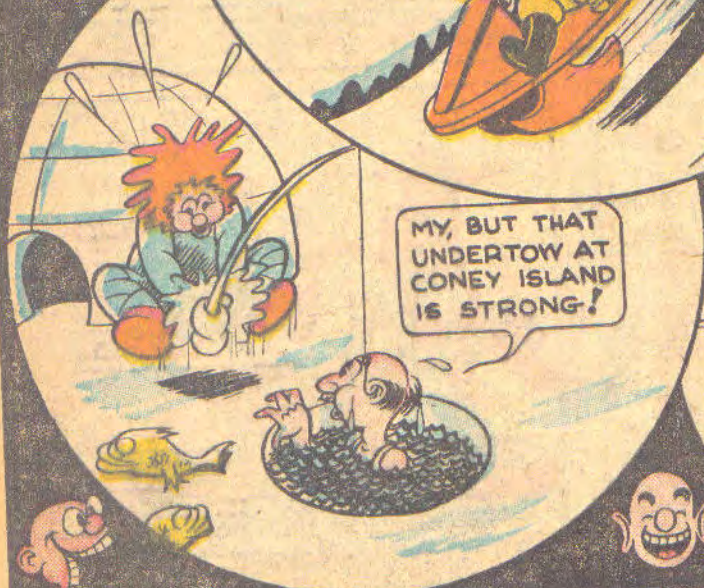
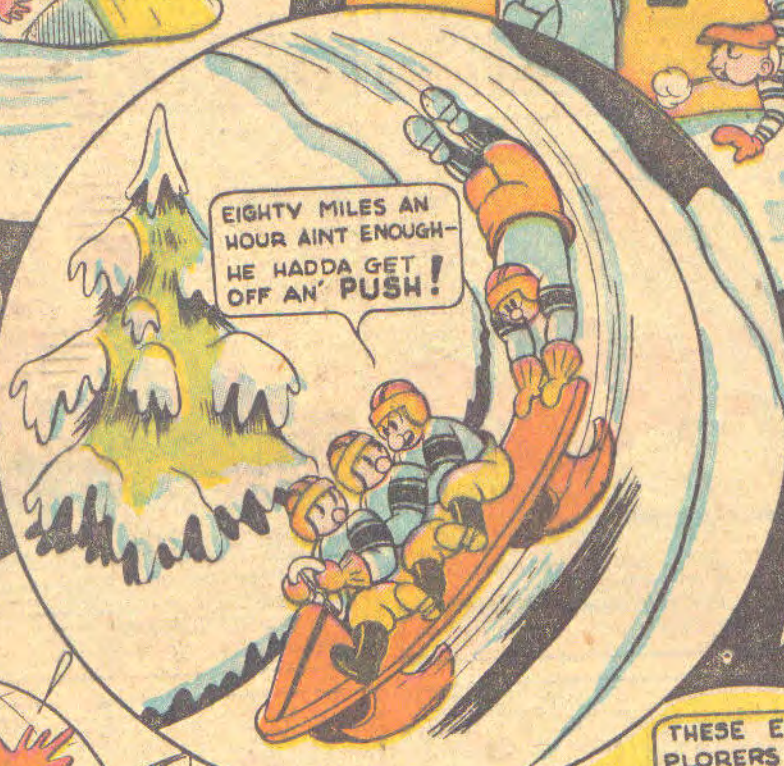


"WELL, HERE I AM", SAID HE TO THEM.
ALL THEY COULD DO WAS STARE!
"FOR HERE", SAID JOE, "YOU SEE JUST WHAT
THE WELL DRESSED HORSE SHOULD WEAR."

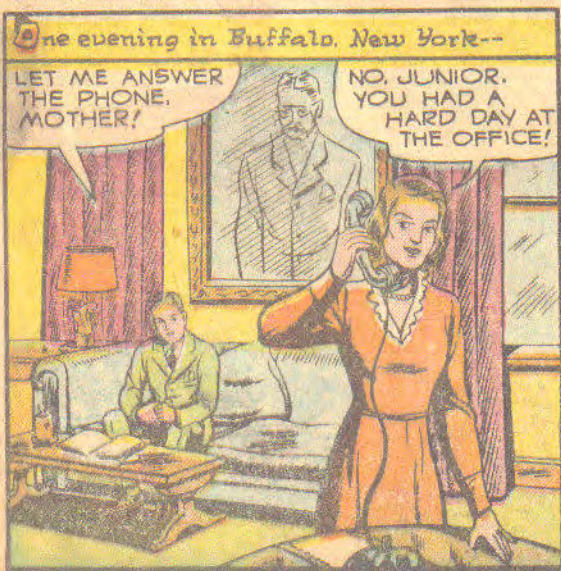
LAUGHING AT LIFE!

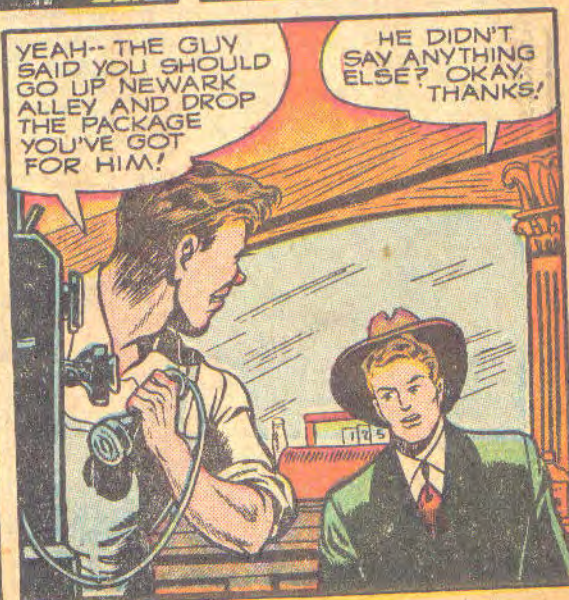
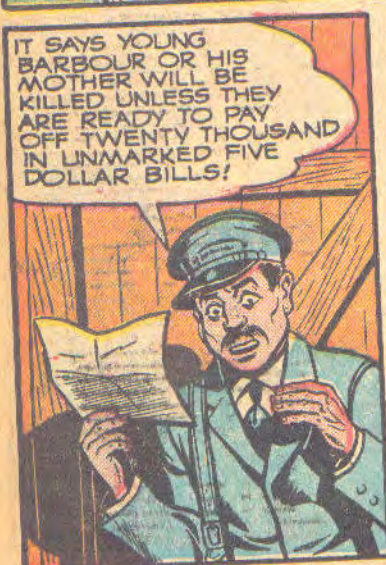


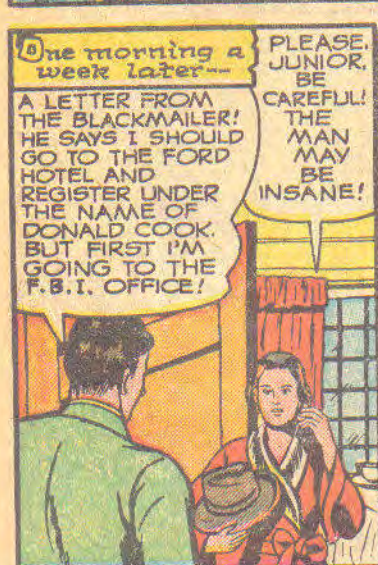
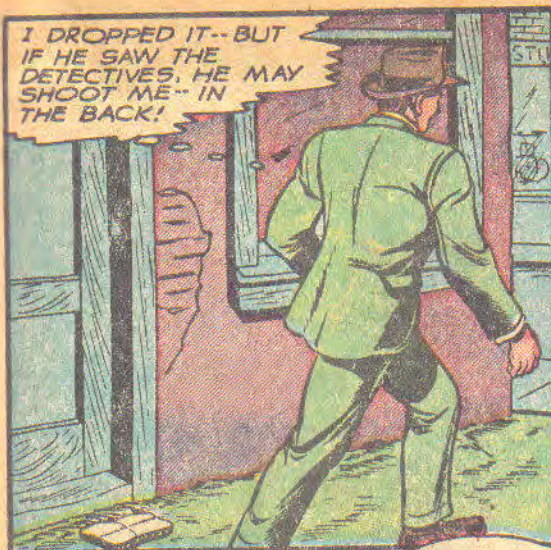
I GET COLD FEET!



CALLING ALL CARS







OUR MEN RACED
AHEAD IN CARS!
WE CAN RADIO
THE EXACT SPOT
TO THEM IF
HE WAVES
THE FLAG!

NOT THIS
TRIP! EITHER
HE GOT COLD
FEET OR FORGOT
IT WOULD BE TOO
DARK TO SEE
HIS SIGNAL.



Two days later Barbour, apparently
alone, boarded an earlier train--

WE PUT ANOTHER
CAR ON THE REAR.
THE G-MEN ARE IN
IT WITH RADIOS,
SEARCHLIGHTS AND
MACHINE GUNS!

I HOPE
THIS IS
THE
FINISH!

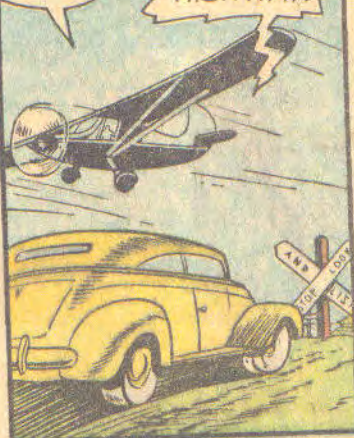


NEARING SILVER
CREEK. WISH
THAT CROOK
WOULD COME
OUT AND
WAVE HIS
FLAG!

TAKE IT
EASY, MR.
BARBOUR.
WE HAVE
A PLANE
FOLLOWING
US, AND OUR
CARS ARE
COVERING
EVERY ROAD!

TRACKS ARE
CLEAR! NO
SIGN OF
TROUBLE
YET!

REPORT
ANY CAR
PARKED
OFF THE
HIGHWAY!



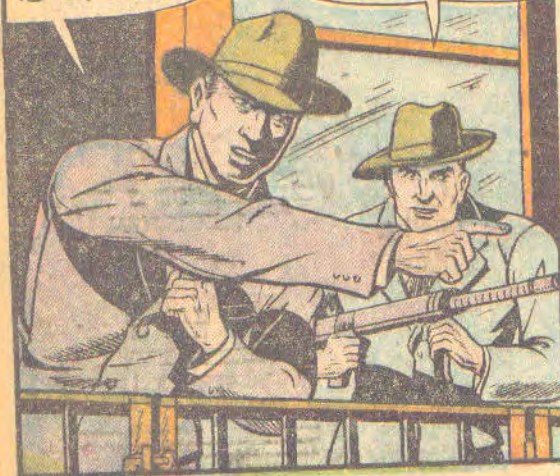
HERE SHE
COMES!
DON'T LET
'EM SEE YOU
UNTIL THE
LAST CAR IS
GOING BY!

MAYBE
COPS ON
THE TRAIN!
WATCH
OUT IF
SHE
STOPS!

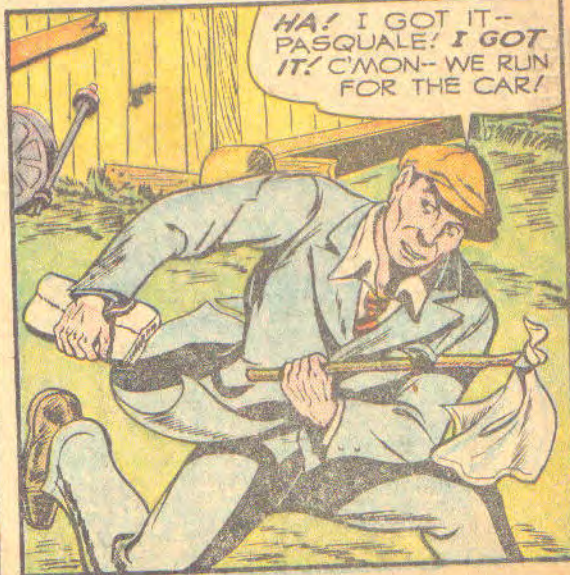


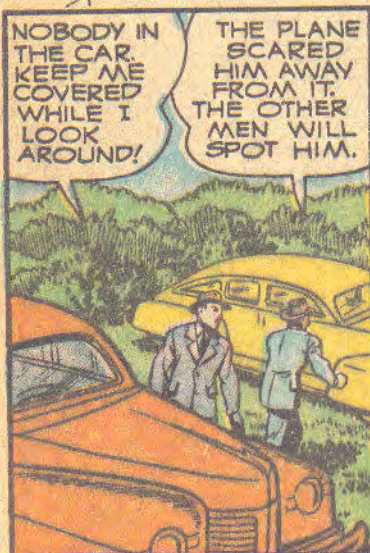
SEE HIM THERE?
SIGNAL THE
ENGINEER
TO STOP!

WE'RE STOPPING--
BUT I DON'T
SEE THE
BLACKMAILER.



HA! I GOT IT--
PASQUALE! I GOT
IT! C'MON-- WE RUN
FOR THE CAR!







I FOUND A FRESHLY CUT STICK—MAYBE WHAT THEY USED FOR THE FLAG?

WE'LL COMPARE THIS DIRT WITH SCRAPINGS FROM THEIR SHOES. PICKED UP A CIGAR BAND, TOO!



At the F.B.I. office Tony Catalano's pockets betray his guilt—

YOU CUT THE STICK WITH THAT KNIFE AND TIED THE HANDKERCHIEF TO IT. THE KEYS FIT THE CAR YOU WERE RUNNING FROM. THAT CIGAR IS THE SAME MAKE AS A BAND WE FOUND AT THE SCENE!

YEAH--ME AND PASQUALE DONE IT!



But a surprise followed the trial--

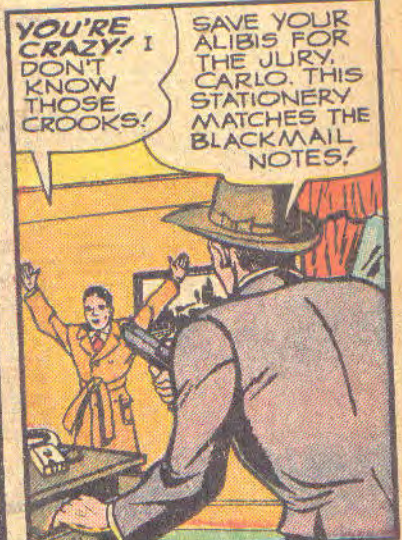
BOTH MEN PLEADED GUILTY AND WERE SENTENCED TO PRISON? WONDERFUL NEWS, SON!

BUT F.B.I. HAND-WRITING EXPERTS JUST DISCOVERED NEITHER OF THEM WROTE THE BLACKMAIL NOTES!



COME CLEAN, CATALANO? WHO WROTE THOSE NOTES?

OKAY--CALO CARLO WROTE 'EM. HE QUIT LIS AFTER WHAT HAPPENED AT THE FORD HOTEL!



YOU'RE CRAZY! I DON'T KNOW THOSE CROOKS!

SAVE YOUR ALIBIS FOR THE JURY, CARLO. THIS STATIONERY MATCHES THE BLACKMAIL NOTES!



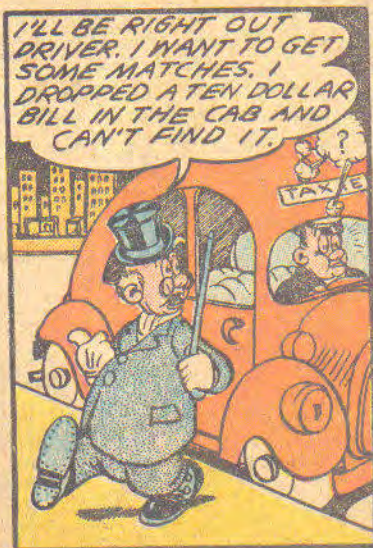
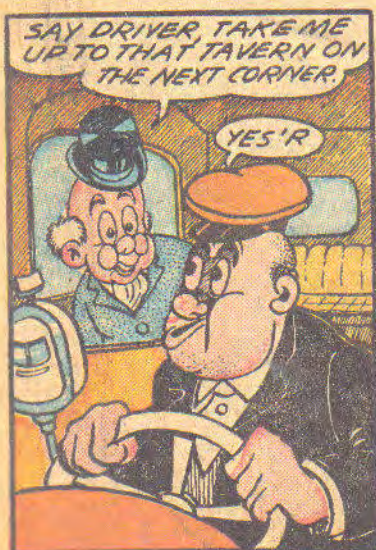
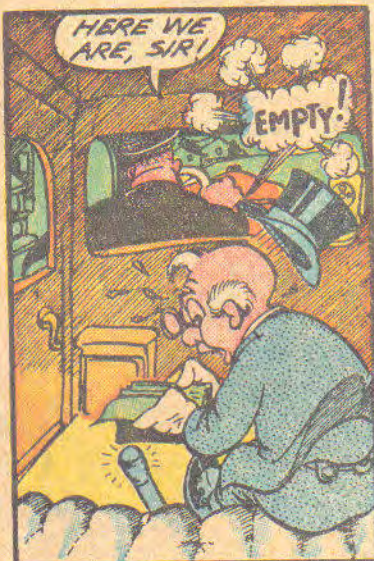
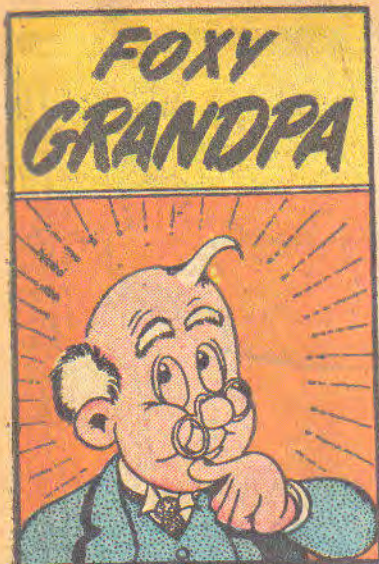
LET ME GO! YOU CAN'T PROVE I WROTE ANY LETTERS!

THE F.B.I. CRIME LABORATORY MEN CAN PROVE IT IF YOU DID. YOU'VE A POLICE RECORD A YARD LONG, CARLO!



WE NABBED THE BLACKMAIL WRITER. MR. BARBOUR. YOU'VE NOTHING TO FEAR NOW!

WE CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH. I HOPE THIS CASE WILL SHOW ANY WOULD-BE BLACKMAILERS THAT THE F.B.I. IS TOO TOUGH TO BEAT!



PREHISTORIC

PETE

DON'T TURN YOUR HEAD, PETE, THERE'S A BIG BLACK POISONOUS SPIDER HANGING BEHIND YOUR NECK!



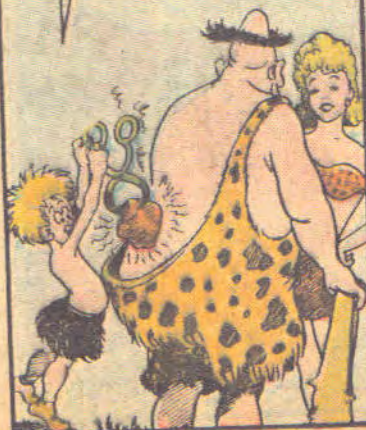
OOW!
HELP!

HOW ABOUT A WALK IN THE MOONLIGHT TONIGHT, EVA MY PET?

NO DICE, BROOMJAW! I'VE ALREADY MADE A DATE WITH PETE!

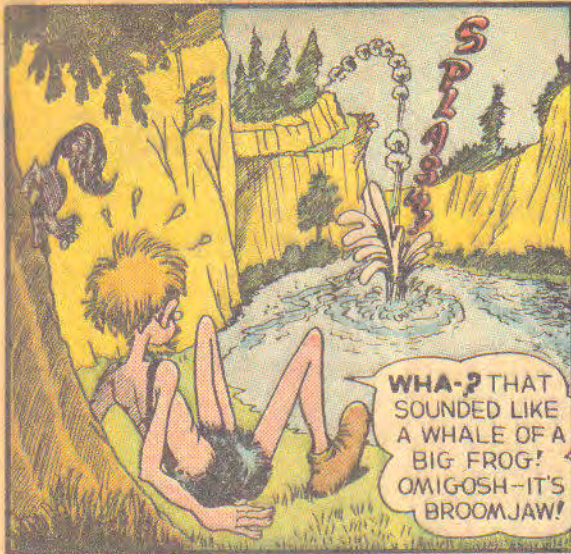


ON YOUR WAY, BROOMY! MY SISTER DON'T WANT YOU MOOCHIN' AROUND!

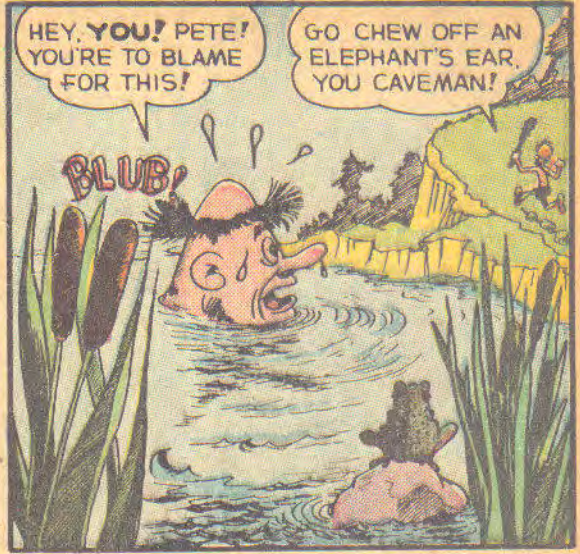


YOU'VE BURNED ME UP ENOUGH TIMES! I'M JUST GETTIN' EVEN!



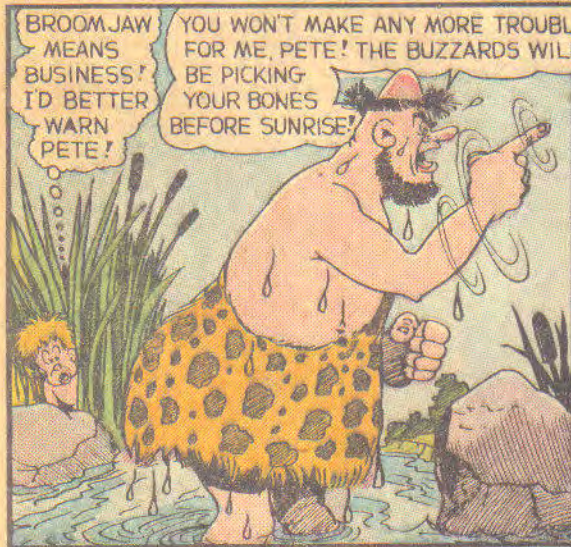


WHA-? THAT
SOUNDED LIKE
A WHALE OF A
BIG FROG!
OMIGOSH-IT'S
BROOMJAW!



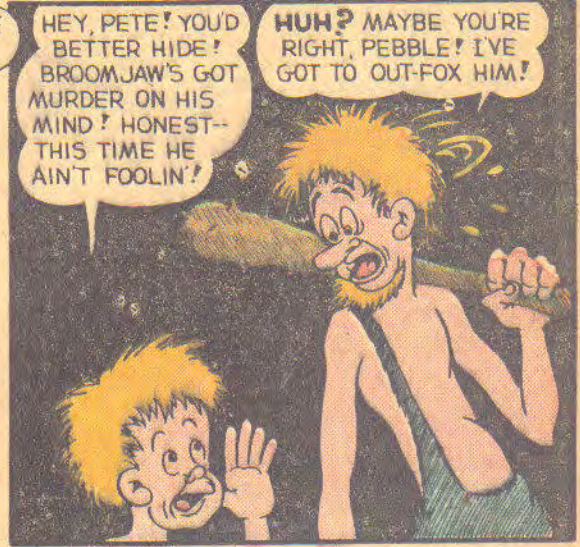
HEY, YOU! PETE!
YOU'RE TO BLAME
FOR THIS!

GO CHEW OFF AN
ELEPHANT'S EAR,
YOU CAVEMAN!



BROOMJAW
MEANS
BUSINESS!
I'D BETTER
WARN
PETE!

YOU WON'T MAKE ANY MORE TROUBLE
FOR ME, PETE! THE BUZZARDS WILL
BE PICKING
YOUR BONES
BEFORE SUNRISE!



HEY, PETE! YOU'D
BETTER HIDE!
BROOMJAW'S GOT
MURDER ON HIS
MIND! HONEST--
THIS TIME HE
AIN'T FOOLIN'!

HUH? MAYBE YOU'RE
RIGHT, PEBBLE! I'VE
GOT TO OUT-FOX HIM!



THAT NIGHT PETE FAILS TO
SHOW UP FOR HIS DATE...

I MIGHT'VE KNOWN
THAT SCRAWNY
SQUIRT WOULD
STAND ME UP!
BROOMJAW WOULDN'T
HAVE KEPT ME
WAITING!

I'M AFRAID
BROOMJAW MADE
PETE LATE, EVA!
WE'D BETTER
GO LOOK
FOR HIM!



THERE HE IS!
LOOK AT THE
LAZY LOAFER!

HE MUST'VE
FORGOT
ABOUT HIS
DATE WITH
YOU, EVA!



WHY, IT ISN'T
PETE AT ALL!
IT'S A STRAW
DUMMY!

WHAT'S THE
DIFFERENCE?

NO! THIS IS NOT A JOKING
MATTER, PEBBLE! PETE HAD
A GOOD REASON TO MAKE
THAT DUMMY OF HIMSELF--
AND WE'D BETTER FIND OUT!



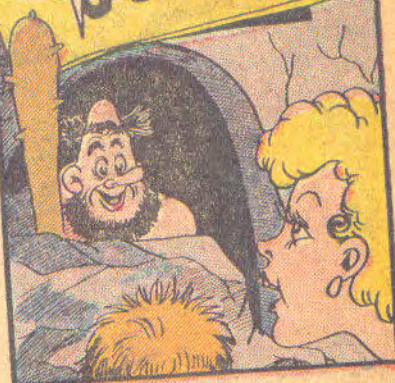
WELL,
HE AIN'T
AROUND,
EVA!

POOR PETE! I
HOPE HE'S NOT
IN TROUBLE
AGAIN!



AH, GOOD
EVENING,
FOLKS!
LOOKING
FOR PETE,
I SUPPOSE!

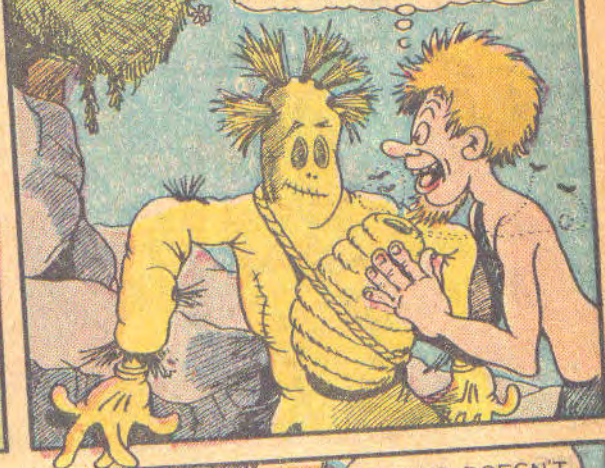
BROOMJAW!
ER, NO--WE
JUST PASSED
PETE DOWN
THE TRAIL!



DOWN YONDER, HUH? WAIT
FOR ME---I WON'T BE
LONG!

NOW LET'S GO
BACK TO PETE...

THIS DUMMY FOOLED EVA
FOR A MINUTE! NOW I'LL
FIX THIS HORNET'S NEST
FOR BROOMJAW'S BENEFIT!

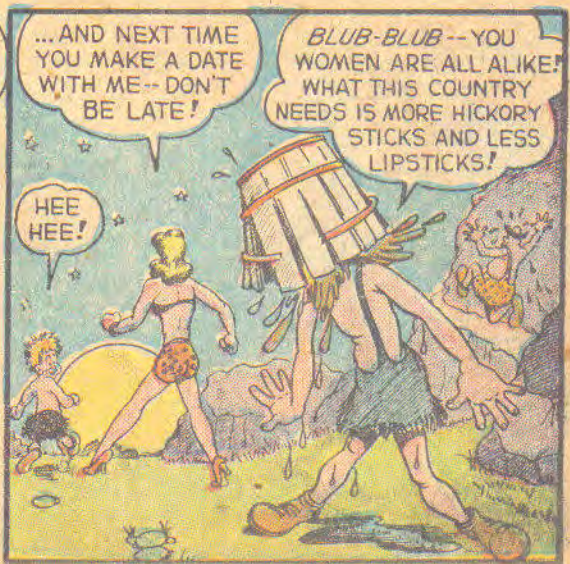
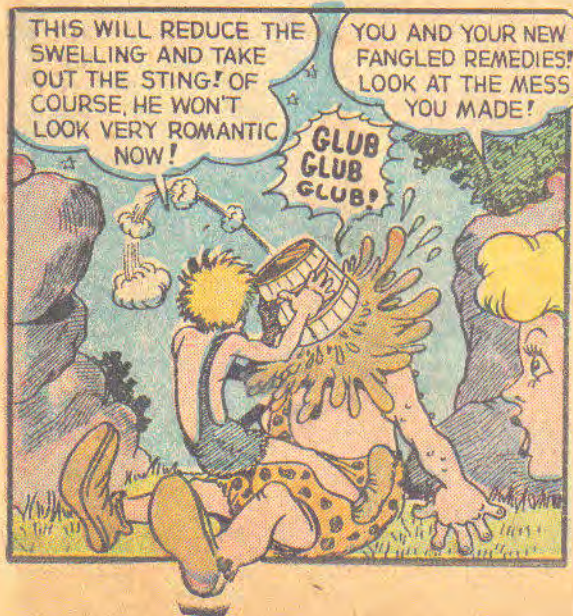


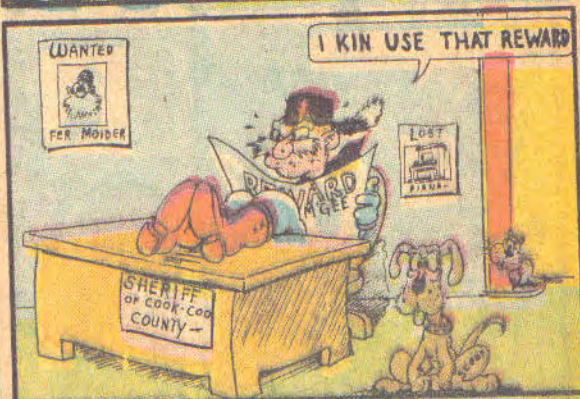
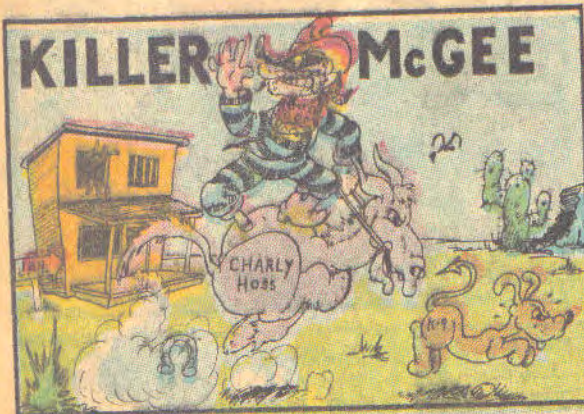
AHA! THERE'S
THE LITTLE
RASCAL! HE
WON'T KNOW
WHAT HIT HIM!



IF THIS DOESN'T
KILL YOU--YOU--
HEY! WHA-TH?

CRASH!





COP KILLER

A wild guess can trap a wily killer

Barry Masters stopped short as he entered the garage of the Police Radio Patrol. For an instant he stared in horror, then knelt beside the body of his friend, Tom Blaney. A muttered curse broke from his lips as he turned the limp body face-upward. The front of Blaney's uniform had soaked up the blood from the gash in his throat. It was a four-inch wound from Blaney's left ear, forward across the jugular vein. The blood had clotted over the raw flesh now, so Barry knew Tom had been dead several hours. Barry left the corpse and went to the rear of the garage and phoned Chief Donovan.

When the chief came he looked for several moments at the body without saying a word.

Barry drew a small card from his pocket. "This was under the body," he told Donovan.

The chief read slowly: "Don Ricca, Road Construction, 2597 Gateway Boulevard." He looked up at Barry. "Didn't Ricca have it out with Tom day before yesterday? Didn't Ricca lose the West Road job because Tom pulled him in for not providing night lights on the state highway job he was doing?"

"Ricca was plenty sore," Barry admitted. "He couldn't get his figures in for the West Road job, due to the delay Tom caused him."

"Let's go," the chief snapped. "We're wasting time."

"Wait a minute," Barry said. "Tom was my friend. I'd like to bring Ricca in myself."

Barry entered Ricca's office, on the first floor of a three story concrete building. The dark haired girl at the switchboard called, "Good morning."

"Don Ricca," Barry told her.

A slim, dark man with a waxed mustache stepped from the front office and interrupted.

"Mr. Ricca is closing a deal. I'm his son-in-law, Rudolph Brotho. Maybe I could help you." He twisted his mustach nervously.

"It's a little matter concerning Tom Blaney and it won't wait," Barry told him.

Brotho cleared his throat. "This way, please."

Don Ricca was a broad man in a wrinkled blue serge suit and a crushed fedora. His voice

boomed back and forth across the small office.

"I've had enough of you cops!" he stormed. In his left hand he held a fountain pen and in his right a sheaf of papers. He was at a flat-topped desk, signing papers as he spoke. "I lost plenty of money due to Blaney's meddling. I told him I'd get even if he bothered me again!" Ricca waved his arms in his excitement. Some of the papers flew off the desk.

Barry Masters leaned down to pick one up, then very slowly laid it on the desk. "Looks like you won't get another chance," he said. "Tom Blaney was murdered."

Ricca stood up suddenly, glaring at Barry. "So what about it?"

"I've come here to arrest the murderer," Barry said.

"Yeah? Well, you can't pin the rap on me!" Ricca shouted.

"I'll settle for Brotho," the policeman growled.

The instant Barry spoke his name, Brotho whipped out an automatic. "No you don't coper!" he sneered. Then Barry leaped the width of the small office to dodge the lead that roared from Brotho's gun. The slug struck Ricca's shoulder, and he roared in pain. Barry swung his right fist into Brotho's face. Brotho's head snapped back against the wall, the gun falling from his grasp.

"I'd like to kill you!" Barry grated between clenched teeth. "Like you killed Tom Blaney. But I can only take you in."

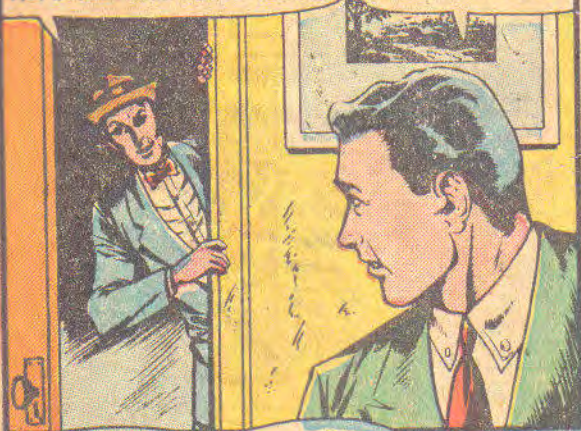
Reviewing the case, Chief Donovan told Barry. "Brotho had Ricca take out partnership life insurance on both of them. He'd been gambling with the firm's money. When he saw that Ricca was mad at Tom, he got the idea of killing Tom. He figured Ricca would be blamed. But how did you suspect Brotho, Barry?"

"A wild stab in the dark," Barry admitted. "Tom was killed by a right-handed person and Ricca used his left hand when he signed the letters." One of them concerned the partnership insurance. I took a gamble by accusing Brotho—and won!"



WHY DON'T YOU PUT THE BITE ON A SWEEPSTAKES WINNER? THOSE GUYS ARE ALWAYS BIG HEARTED THE FIRST WEEK!

BRILLIANT IDEAS, TERRY! LET'S SEE THE ADDRESSES OF THE WINNERS!



HEADS I'LL TACKLE THE GUY AT THE TOP OF THE LIST!

WHAT? SUICIDE? BUT THAT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!



ONE OF THE TICKET HOLDERS WAS JUST FOUND DEAD HANGING FROM A LIGHT FIXTURE!

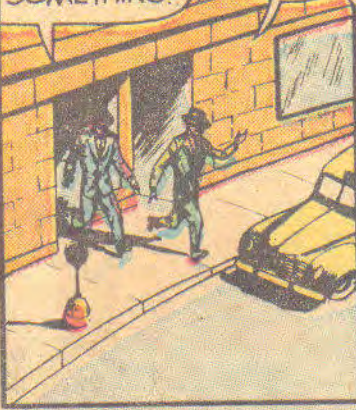
GRAB YOUR HAT, PAL! YOU'RE PAYING FOR A CAB!

THAT WAS INSPECTOR MULCANE ON THE PHONE! SAY, DID WE FORGET SOMETHING?

YEAH--KITTY! SHE'LL NEVER FORGIVE US!

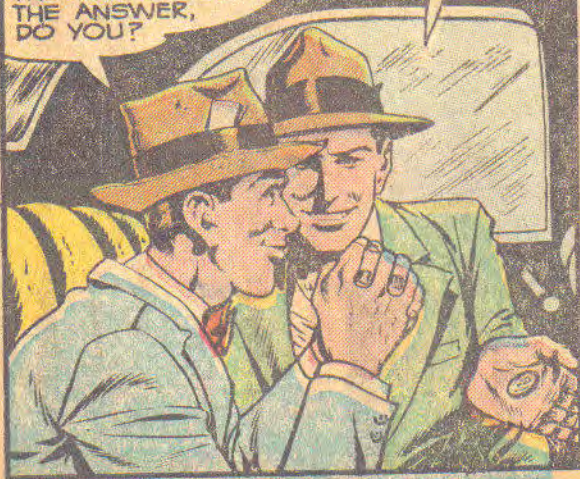
WHY WOULD A GUY LIKE THIS ANDREWS HANG HIMSELF? HE WAS DUE TO COLLECT FIFTY GRAND ON HIS TICKET!

MAYBE IT WASN'T SUICIDE TERRY! I'LL SEE WHAT MY LUCKY COIN SAYS!



YOU SOUND LIKE YOU'RE NOT KIDDING! YOU DON'T BELIEVE THE COIN CAN GIVE THE ANSWER, DO YOU?

I CERTAINLY DO! AND TAILS SAYS IT WAS MURDER!



STEP ON IT! I DON'T THINK THE COPS HAVE REMOVED THE CORPSE YET!

YEAH--BUT DON'T FORGET ONE OF US HAS TO PAY THE FARE!



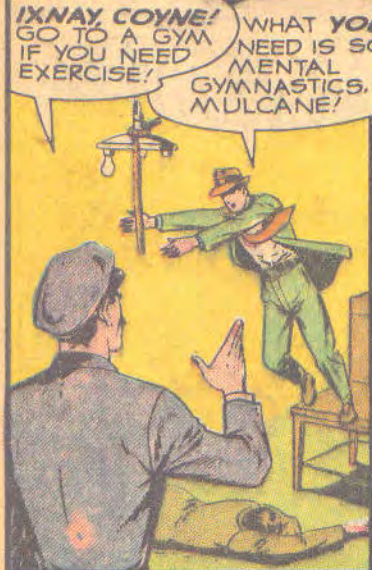


YOU WON'T BELIEVE IT TILL YOU SEE IT, LUCKY. HE MUST'VE BEEN A QUEER CLUCK!



WAIT, INSPECTOR MULCANE! DON'T CUT HIM DOWN YET!

AND WHY NOT? HE'S DEAD!



IXNAY, COYNE! GO TO A GYM IF YOU NEED EXERCISE!

WHAT YOU NEED IS SOME MENTAL GYMNASTICS, MULCANE!



OOPS! SO YOU THINK THIS GUY ANDREWS THREW A NECKTIE PARTY FOR HIMSELF? GUESS AGAIN, GUMSHOE!



WHAT DID HE DO TO YOU? ARE YOU HURT?

NO, I JUST MADE A TEST FLIGHT TO PROVE THAT THIS WAS MURDER!



DON'T JUMP AT CONCLUSIONS, COYNE! YOU'D BETTER NOT PRINT ANYTHING ABOUT MURDER UNLESS YOU CAN PROVE IT!

THE VICTIM WEIGHED AS MUCH AS I. IF HE JUMPED OFF THE CHAIR, WHY DIDN'T THE FIXTURE SNAP OFF?



HIS LANDLADY SAID HE CARRIED THE SWEEPSTAKES TICKET IN HIS WALLET, BUT IT AIN'T HERE NOW!

THAT'S THE MOTIVE! BET YOU TERRY AND I FIND THE MURDERER BEFORE YOU HAVE A SUSPECT!

YOU WORK THE NAMES OF WINNING TICKET HOLDERS ON HALF THE LIST, LUCKY! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE OTHERS!

HEADS-- I TURN UP A PHONY NAME AT A BLIND ADDRESS!

WOULDN'T IT BE JUST MY LUCK TO RUN INTO THE FAKE SUICIDE PROMOTER CALLING ON THIS MISS JONES!

HEY!
WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING!

LUCKY! I TOLD YOU TO WORK THE TOP HALF!

MAYBE YOU'VE FORGOTTEN-- BUT KITTY USED TO LIVE HERE! THE LANDLADY SAID SHE MET A MAN HERE FIFTEEN MINUTES AGO!

KITTY WAS HOLDING OUT ON US! SHE HELD A TICKET UNDER THE NAME OF JONES FROM THIS ADDRESS!

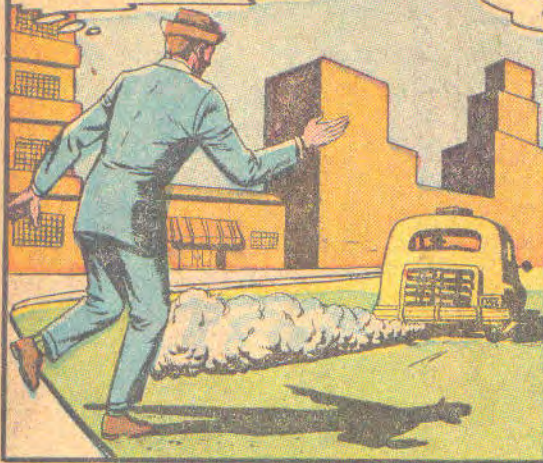
KITTY FELL FOR THE KILLER'S LINE! MAYBE THAT CAB DRIVER CAN GIVE US A DESCRIPTION OF HIM!

YEAH-- I SEEN RED RAUCH THE BOOKMAKER PICK UP A FARE I LEFT AT THAT HOUSE!

WATCH THIS PLACE IN CASE EITHER OF THEM RETURNS, TERRY! I'M TAKING THIS CAB TO RED'S OLD HANGOUT-- A GARAGE ON EAST FIRST STREET!

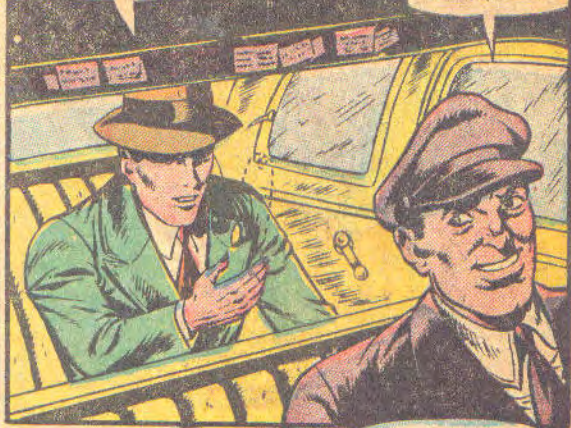
WATCH YOUR STEP, LUCKY!

LUCKY'S GONNA WALK INTO A BELLY FULL OF LEAD! I SHOULDN'T HAVE LET HIM GO ALONE!

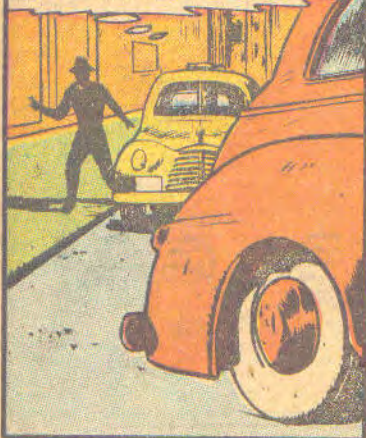


HEADS--RED RAUCH OFFERED KITTY A PREMIUM PRICE FOR HER SWEEPSTAKES TICKET TO TRICK HER INTO A DEATH TRAP!

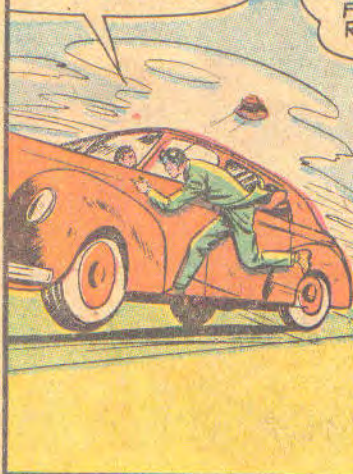
I'LL DROP YOU HERE, MISTER COYNE! THERE'S RAUCH LEAVING THE GARAGE!



HE DIDN'T DROP OFF KITTY ON THE WAY OVER. SHE MUST BE IN THE GARAGE AND STILL ALIVE, I HOPE!



HOLD IT, RED! YOU'RE GONNA DO SOME TALKING!



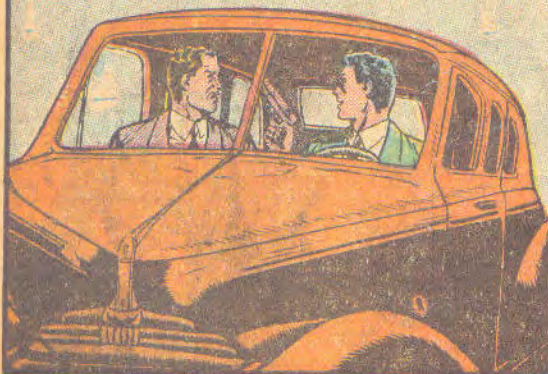
IF YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR THE BUSINESS, MISTER, YOU'VE FOUND THE RIGHT GUY!

GIVE ME THAT GAT, RED, AND I'LL POINT THE BUSINESS END OF IT IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION!

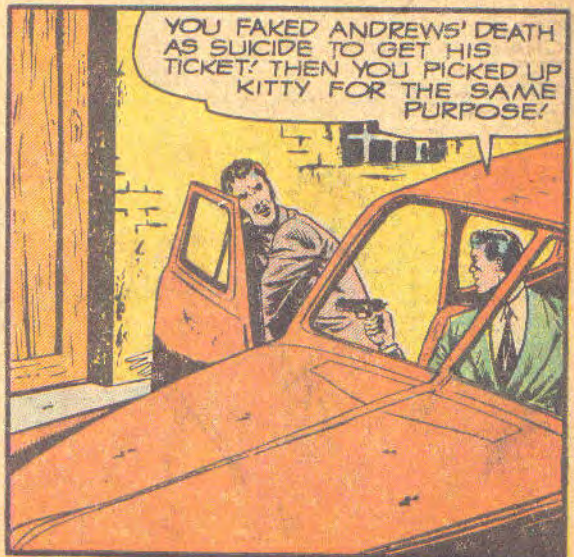


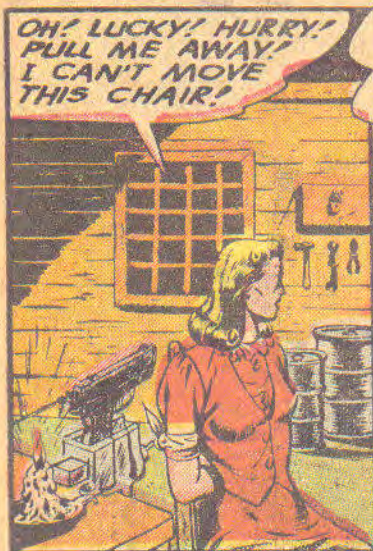
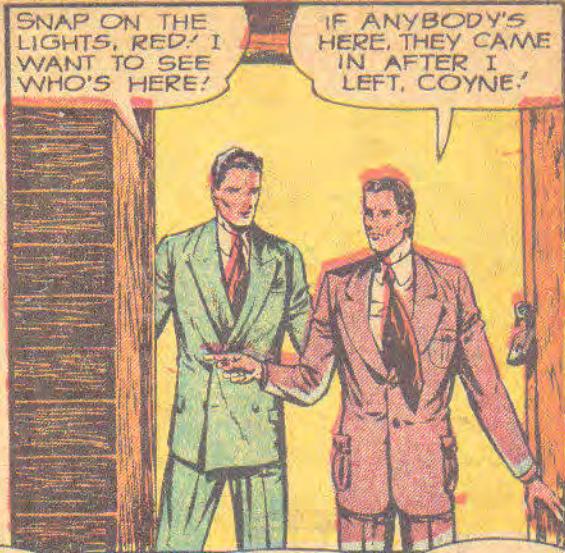
A WISE GUY, HUH?

YEAH--AND I DON'T NEED A SCRATCH SHEET TO DOPE ALL THE ANGLES IN YOUR MURDER RACKET!



YOU FAKED ANDREWS' DEATH AS SUICIDE TO GET HIS TICKET? THEN YOU PICKED UP KITTY FOR THE SAME PURPOSE!





YOUR EMBARRASSING SKIN CONDITION MAY BE OVERCOME!

PIMPLES CLEARED BLACKHEADS CHECKED

This Easy, Safe, New Way OR DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

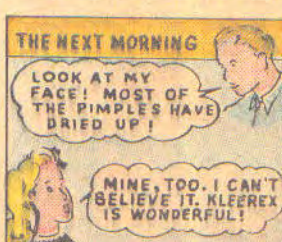


★ **OVERNIGHT** YOU SHOULD SEE A MIRACULOUS DIFFERENCE IN THE APPEARANCE OF YOUR SKIN NOW BLEMISHED WITH PIMPLES OF EXTERNAL ORIGIN!

So easy to use.. Harmless, Greaseless!

Do you want a clearer complexion, free from acne itch, unsightly pimples and blackheads that cause so many fellows and girls embarrassment? Don't let blemishes of outward origin make you self-conscious, cause you unhappiness and mar your normal good looks. Now you, too, may enjoy clearer, smoother, healthier looking skin by making this simple *overnight* test with KLEEREX, the amazing new skin lotion that actually helps clear up acne itch, pimples and blemishes, externally caused; and tends to check blackheads. KLEEREX is so easy to use that you'll be amazed! No more fussing with messy preparations. Greaseless, liquid KLEEREX dries on skin, leaves no stains on pillows or clothing! In the morning, you should see a remarkable difference in the very appearance of your skin! The skillfully blended medicated ingredients in KLEEREX are perfectly safe; contains no mercury, nothing harmful. Make this convincing test and prove to yourself that KLEEREX may dry up your pimples and clear them up sooner than you ever dreamed possible. Remember, noticeable results are guaranteed or double your money back! Just mail the coupon now.

IF YOU WANT A CLEARER COMPLEXION, DO WHAT JANE AND BOB DID:



IF YOU DON'T SEE A DEFINITE CHANGE IN YOUR SKIN'S APPEARANCE **OVERNIGHT** YOU GET THIS WONDERFUL BONUS!

KLEEREX has the enthusiastic praise of thousands of users who, to their thrilled surprise, found their skin clearer, smoother and fresher-looking after first application. Don't put up with acne itch, pimples and blackheads any longer. Make this easy test right away and then see the difference yourself. If your externally caused blemishes aren't quickly dried, if KLEEREX doesn't help clear your skin, return and get **DOUBLE** yes **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!** Act now—mail coupon today.

Send No Money—MAIL COUPON

Meet people unashamed and self-confident, when skin looks clearer. Send for your trial of KLEEREX on the special introductory offer that may mean so much to your future happiness, popularity and good looks. Send no money. Just mail coupon. Upon arrival of package, pay postman only \$1.00 plus postage. Cash orders sent postpaid. If you aren't thrilled with the different appearance of your skin, return package and get **DOUBLE** your money back. Don't wait. Mail the coupon now!

KLEEREX CO., Dept. 175-D 2005 S. Michigan, Chicago 16, Ill

MAKE THIS AMAZING TEST AT OUR RISK—MAIL COUPON TODAY

Just fill out the convenient coupon below and mail it. Upon arrival make the amazingly easy KLEEREX test. Just cleanse your face, then apply KLEEREX with brush provided. Notice how quickly KLEEREX dries on the skin, medicating at the same time it helps heal acne itch and pimples of outward origin. Then see the astounding results next morning. You won't risk a thing... should gain so much. Order your KLEEREX now.

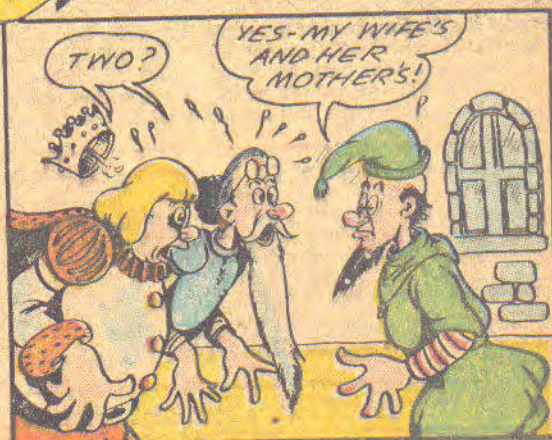
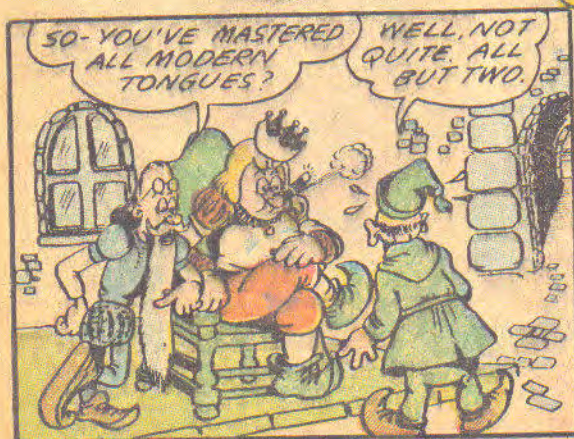
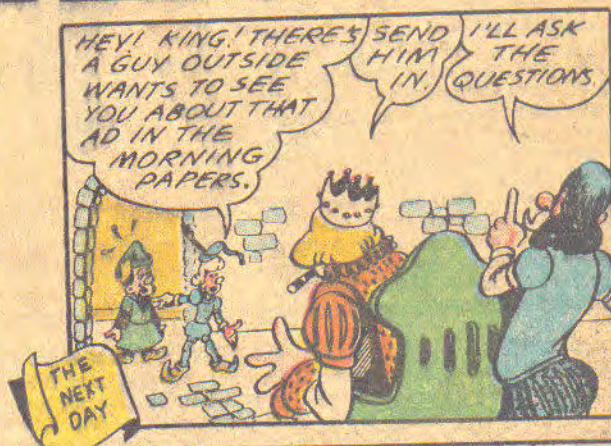
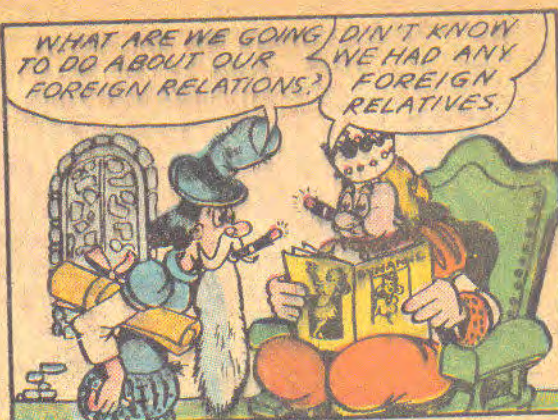
RUSH THIS COUPON NOW!

KLEEREX CO., Dept. 175-D 2005 S. Michigan, Chicago 16, Ill.
I want to test KLEEREX to help clear up complex, acne itch (externally caused). I'll pay postman \$1.00 plus postage on arrival with understanding that I may return package for **DOUBLE MY MONEY BACK** if not satisfied. (\$1.00 enclosed with coupon and you pay postage.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____



Here's
News About
a Sensational
FREE
Offer to
DICK TRACY Fans

GET THIS AUTHENTIC DICK TRACY RAPID-FIRE TOMMY GUN

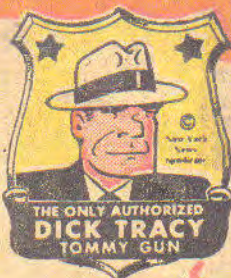
that LOOKS and SOUNDS
Just Like the real McCoy!

**Be Sure You Get
the One and Only
Authorized
DICK TRACY
Tommy Gun**

- * Realistically styled to look like genuine U. S. Army Tommy Gun.
- * Regulated automatic repeater action.
- * All-metal, precision-cast hardened copper alloy.
- * Real gun-metal finish.
- * Complete with Army-Type shoulder strap.
- * Includes Dick Tracy Badge and membership in Dick Tracy Detective Club.

\$3.79
POSTPAID

FOR A LIMITED
TIME ONLY



**TAT-TAT
RAPID-FIRE
TRIGGER
ACTION
TAT-TAT**

Over 20 Inches Long

NOW YOU CAN BE A JUNIOR G-MAN

Say, Kids—how would you like to have the one and only authorized Dick Tracy RAPID-FIRE TOMMY GUN patterned after those used by U. S. Army Commandos? Well, you have the chance of a lifetime to get this super-action gun for only \$3.79. Watch the other kid's eyes "pop" when they see this wonderful Tommy gun. And when they hear that realistic "rat-a-tat-tat" of its trigger, they'll stick 'em up in a hurry! Everyone wants one of these genuine Dick Tracy TOMMY GUNS... but it's first come, first served, so get your order in today!

THE IDEAL GIFT FOR EVERY YOUNGSTER!

PARENTS: Here's the perfect gift for your growing boy! If he's a real Dick Tracy fan, his eyes will "pop" when he sees this authentic Dick Tracy TOMMY GUN. And playing Detective with this wonderful Dick Tracy TOMMY GUN and badge will increase his respect for the law, and at the same time offer him a healthy outlet for his "boyish" enthusiasm! This offer is limited to readers of this magazine who mail the coupon IMMEDIATELY! Mail the coupon TODAY, with only \$3.79. Your gun, badge, and Dick Tracy Club membership card will be RUSHED to you by return mail!

**PARKER JOHNS — Dept. DT-170
408 South Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.**

Please rush my authentic DICK TRACY Tommy Gun and Detective Badge for only \$3.79. If not delighted I may return my gun within 5 days for complete refund and keep the Badge FREE!

CHECK ONE

- ☐ I am enclosing \$3.79. Please ship postpaid.
☐ Ship C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$3.79 plus postage.

Prices in Canada add 50¢. No C.O.D.'s.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

**MAIL HANDY
COUPON NOW**



Free!

**A Thrilling Episode
in the Lives of
SECRET AGENT X-28
and His Son JUNIOR**

**GET THOSE HANDS
UP IN THE AIR, "X-28"
YOUR NUMBER'S UP!**

NOW YOU'VE GOT EXACTLY 60 SECONDS LEFT TO TELL US WHERE YOU'VE HIDDEN THAT ATOMIC EXPLOSIVE FORMULA... OR WE'LL BLOW A HOLE IN YOUR

WHAT'S
THIS?

Much
larger
than
pictured
here!
Actually
over 20
inches
long

OKAY, KID. ONLY BE CAREFUL WITH THAT THING. IT MIGHT GO OFF.

HURRY, OPERATOR. SEND THE POLICE OVER TO SECRET AGENT "X-28'S" APARTMENT RIGHT AWAY.

I HAVE TO HAND IT TO YOU, JUNIOR. THAT WAS CERTAINLY FAST THINKING.

IT'S LUCKY I HAD THIS DICK TRACY TOMMY GUN WITH ME. IT LOOKS SO MUCH LIKE THE REAL THING, IT FOOLS MOST PEOPLE.

YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT TOMMY GUN HADN'T BEEN REAL? WHY, I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

YES, KIDS. THIS DICK TRACY TOMMY GUN LOOKS SO REAL YOU WON'T BELIEVE IT EITHER. IMAGINE... YOU CAN GET ONE EXACTLY LIKE IT FOR ONLY \$3.79 IF YOU Mail the Coupon Now!

**THIS GENUINE DICK TRACY
DETECTIVE BADGE IS YOUNG TO KEEP**

... even if you are not delighted with your DICK TRACY TOMMY GUN. Yes, if not completely satisfied you may return your TOMMY GUN for a complete refund and keep this wonderful GOLD FINISH Dick Tracy Detective Badge FREE!

**BOYS!
GIRLS!**

**Make Your Own Models OF
DOGS, SOLDIERS - ANYTHING -
THIS EASY NEW WAY!**

HOW DID YOU
GET SO MANY
SUPER INDIAN
MODELS?

SIMPLE! RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS
SENT ME THEIR COMPLETE
MODELING KIT WITH
EVERYTHING IN IT
I NEEDED, SO....

.... I JUST PAINT THE
INDIAN MODEL IN THE KIT
WITH LIQUID RUBBER
LIKE THIS!

LOOKS
EASY!

YOU SAID IT! WHEN THE
RUBBER DRIES, I STRIP IT
OFF AND I'VE GOT A RUBBER
MOLD OF THE INDIAN.

WHAT
DO YOU
DO WITH
THAT?

JUST POUR MODELING
POWDER INTO IT. THEN
WHEN IT DRIES, I
REMOVE THE RUBBER.

DOES THAT
MAKE A CAST
OF THE INDIAN?

YUP - JUST LIKE MAGIC! NOW I
PAINT THE INDIAN. SHUCKS, I CAN
MAKE HUNDREDS OF 'EM FROM THIS
ONE MOLD - SELL 'EM, TOO! YOU CAN
REPRODUCE ANYTHING
WITH RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS.

GEE, THAT LOOKS LIKE
FUN, I'M GOING TO
ORDER ME A KIT TODAY!

**NOW! NEW MOLD-ART KIT CONTAINS EVERYTHING YOU
NEED—FUN TO DO—EARN MONEY AT THE SAME
TIME... NO ART SKILL NEEDED**

Here's more fun and excitement than you've ever known before! This amazing Rubber-For-Molds complete Mold-Art Modeling Kit contains everything you need to reproduce statuettes, plaques or any other models quickly, easily and at a sensational low cost. Just coat any subject with the liquid rubber in the kit, allow it to dry, strip it off... and you have a mold that can be used to make hundreds of castings like original subject. Kit includes Indian warrior model to start you off. New improved illustrated, easy-to-follow book of instructions (50¢ value) makes it simple to make your own models. Start new fascinating hobby—even make it profitable! Order your introductory trial kit today.

COMPLETE
KIT ONLY

\$1.49

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

**START YOUR OWN
BUSINESS**

molding toys, novelties, statuettes, bookends, etc. in spare hours. Great hobby brings fun and opportunity for big profits. Send coupon for trial kit including big new instruction book showing how to mold all kinds of objects today.

SEND NO MONEY

Fill in coupon now to get your complete RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS Kit. Send no money. On arrival, pay postman only \$1.49 plus postage for the complete kit of 14 different items. Then follow the easy instructions. If you don't agree that this is the most exciting outfit you've ever seen, if you aren't delighted with the wonderful results you get, simply return the unused portion of your kit, in 10 days and your money will be refunded immediately. Don't wait. Start this fascinating hobby, learn how to make extra spending money by mailing coupon right now.

PROFESSIONALS!

There's No Finer Rubber For Molds!
... Popular Prices In Pints, Quarts,
Gallons.

Kit contains 50¢ value Instruction Book, 14 Different Items—Everything You Need! Famous Indian warrior model in bright colors; generous supply of finest liquid rubber; molding powder; base on which to mount subject; shellac for fastening to base; brush for spreading rubber; extra brush; sandpaper; talcum for dusting; talcum pad; spatula; palette of colors to paint models.

RUSH THIS 10-DAY TRIAL COUPON!

RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS, Inc., Dept. 175
6044 Avondale, Chicago 31, Illinois

Please send me your complete RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS Modeling Kit, including 50¢ Instruction Book, for which I will pay postman only \$1.49 plus postage. (Send \$1.49 with order, we pay postage.) I will return Kit in 10 days if I am not satisfied and you will refund my \$1.49.

Name.....
(print plainly)

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS, Inc., Dept. 175 6044 N. Avondale, Chicago 31, Ill.



HE KNOWS WHAT THEY "GO FOR"...



MON KNOWS WHAT I LIKE BEST—
COOKIES MADE WITH Baby Ruth!

Buy 'em or
Bake 'em!

RECIPE ON EVERY WRAPPER

Good Fun :

Baby Ruth makes friends quickly! Bite into the luscious chewy candy bar with its rich chocolate coating and get a real taste-treat! **Baby Ruth** is satisfying, nutritious, and so good to eat!

Good Food:

Leave it to the ladies (any age) to know how **Baby Ruth** helps pep up lagging energy! Rich in dextrose, sugar your body uses directly for energy, and other vital nourishment, **Baby Ruth** is welcome any time!

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • Producers of Fine Foods • CHICAGO 13, ILL.